



# FRONT LINE™

A MARVEL COMICS® EVENT

## CIVIL WAR™

JENKINS

BACHS

LIEBER

WEEKS

BARRETO

WATSON

# CIVIL WAR FRONT LINE #007

# 70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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70 YEARS  
MARVEL  
COMICS

THE DAILY BUGLE.  
MANHATTAN.

WHAT?  
SENATOR  
WHO?

PUT HIM  
ON LINE THREE.  
NO, WAIT...PUT  
HIM ON HOLD.

I DON'T  
CARE IF HE'S THE  
POPE...PUT HIM  
ON HOLD. THREE  
MINUTES, TOPS.

WHAT?  
WHO TOLD  
YOU THAT?

WELL, TELL  
HER TO TAKE IT  
UP WITH THE  
PUBLISHER.

WHAT?

# EMBEDDED

PART  
SEVEN

PAUL  
JENKINS  
WRITER

RAMON  
BACHS  
PENCILER

JOHN  
LUCAS  
INKER

LAURA  
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ASSISTANT EDITORS

TOM  
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EDITOR

JOE  
QUESADA  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN  
BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER

OKAY...  
SOMEBODY GET  
THIS FACT-CHECKED.  
DO WE HAVE ANY  
COFFEE AROUND HERE  
YOUNGER THAN  
MY SON?

SENATOR  
CARRICK'S STILL  
HOLDING ON  
THREE,  
ROBBIE.

TELL HIM  
TO KEEP  
HOLDING.

BEN  
URICH ON  
ONE.

PUT HIM  
THROUGH.

BEN! WHERE  
THE HECK HAVE  
YOU BEEN? THIS  
PLACE IS  
CHAOS!

YOU SENT  
ME TO THE CAPITOL  
BUILDING TO COVER  
SPEEDBALL'S STATEMENT  
TO CONGRESS,  
REMEMBER?

WHAT? WELL  
GET BACK HERE,  
PRONTO! YOUR  
OSBORN STORY JUST  
WENT THROUGH  
THE CEILING!

ALONG WITH  
JONAH?

WHAT?

I ASKED,  
"HOW DID JONAH  
RESPOND?" ARE  
WE FIRED?

NOT YET.  
HE'S AT A CHARITY  
GOLF TOURNAMENT  
LOSING HIS SHIRT TO  
KEVIN COSTNER AND  
ALICE COOPER.

I THOUGHT  
I'D WAIT TO TELL  
HIM UNTIL HE  
WAS IN A REALLY  
BAD MOOD.





I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING FROM DOWN HERE, ROBBIE. IS THIS GUY INSANE?

OWF!

HE'S NOT EXACTLY ENDEARING HIMSELF TO HIS TELEVISION AUDIENCE--



I SWEAR I NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD JUST HOW BIG THIS REGISTRATION ACT WAS GOING TO BE, BEN. WE'RE CHANGING HISTORY.

THIS IS WATERGATE AND THE MOON LANDING AND VIETNAM AND IRAQ ALL ROLLED INTO ONE.



"A CIVIL WAR IN OUR OWN BACK YARDS: SUPER HEROES TEARING EACH OTHER'S THROATS OUT AND RIPPING UP THE STREETS IN THE PROCESS. THEY'RE GIVING HOMICIDAL MANIACS A REPRIEVE, FOR PETE'S SAKE!"

"THEY'RE LETTING A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR BLOWING UP SIXTY SCHOOL KIDS SPEAK TO CONGRESS!"



YEAH, WELL... THIS SPEEDBALL THING ISN'T EXACTLY MY CUP OF TEA, ROBBIE. IT'S JUST A SHOW TRIAL, ANYWAY.

I WANT TO GET BACK ON TASK WITH THE COSTUMED CRIMINAL ANGLE. THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING ON OSBORN WE OVERLOOKED--



OKAY. JUST FINISH UP AND GET BACK HERE AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

JONAH'S BACK IN AN HOUR. I'LL PROBABLY NEED ARMED BACKUP.



OKAY. HAVE KAREN ARRANGE THAT INTERVIEW I WANTED WITH THE SENTRY.

I WILL. YOU'RE A LIGHTNING ROD, BEN URICH. IT'S LIKE YOU HAVE THE MIDAS TOUCH FOR MAYHEM--

BALDWIN!



WHAT WAS THAT? WAS THAT A GUNSHOT?

BEN! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



DID YOU SEE THAT? SOMEBODY SHOT HIM!

SOMEBODY JUST SHOT SPEEDBALL!



ROBBIE, I SWEAR TO GOD THAT WASN'T ME--

AN UNDISCLOSED  
LOCATION WITHIN  
THE CONTIGUOUS  
UNITED STATES.

I DIDN'T CRY  
BECAUSE I  
WAS AFRAID.

SO THEY WERE GOING TO TRY  
AND PEG ME FOR WITHHOLDING  
AN INFORMANT'S IDENTITY. MOST  
LIKELY, I'D BE DETAINED FOR  
CONTEMPT OF THEIR KANGAROO  
COURT WHILE THEY ARGUED WITH  
THE ALTERNATIVE'S LAW FIRM, AND  
THEN I'D BE RELEASED ON BAIL.

LIKE I SHOULD  
HOLD THEM IN  
ANYTHING BUT  
CONTEMPT?

IT WASN'T FOR THE MESS  
THEY'D MADE OF THEIR  
REGISTRATION ACT; FOR  
THE DEATHS THAT HAD  
OCCURRED AND THE MANY  
MORE THAT WERE ABOUT TO.

IT WASN'T FOR THE  
FRACTURING OF OUR  
SOCIETY, THE SEEDING  
OF PARANOIA AND THE  
FOSTERING OF MISTRUST  
THAT ONLY A POLICE  
STATE LIKE THE SOVIET  
UNION COULD PERFECT.

I CRIED LIKE A BABY  
FOR NONE OF THOSE  
THINGS. ALL THOSE TEARS  
WERE FOR MYSELF.

BECAUSE I  
NEEDED A  
DRINK.



YOU LOOK PALE, MISS FLOYD. ARE YOU FEELING ILL?

CONGRESSMAN SYKES, WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE. IS THIS A SOCIAL CALL OR DID YOU JUST COME TO GLOAT?



THIS ISN'T GOING TO GO THE WAY YOU THINK IT IS, SALLY. DO YOU MIND IF I CALL YOU SALLY?

KNOCK YOURSELF OUT. BETTER YET, LET ME DO IT.

JAIL HASN'T DULLED YOUR EDGE, I SEE.

WEEKS OF PLANNING, CONGRESSMAN. BUT STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE AND I MIGHT SHARPEN UP EVEN MORE.



WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME ANYWAY, SYKES? SHOULDN'T YOU BE OUT WITH YOUR BUDDIES FROM THE REGISTRATION ACT, CELEBRATING?

PROBABLY. BUT I'M HERE INSTEAD TALKING TO YOU. I WANT TO PROPOSE A DEAL.



WHEN I GIVE THE WORD I WANT YOU TO OPEN THIS ENVELOPE.

AND THEN YOU CAN DECIDE IF YOU WANT TO RETHINK YOUR POSITION.





NOW WHY WOULD YOU DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

BECAUSE YOU'RE BEING HELD IN VIOLATION OF OUR CONSTITUTION, MISS FLOYD. AND AS MUCH AS WE DON'T AGREE ON ANYTHING ELSE, WE AGREE ON THAT.

I'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO BE RELEASED IMMEDIATELY. YOU'RE ALREADY FREE TO GO. BUT IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME, I HAVE SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY TO YOU PRIVATELY.



"WHEN YOU WERE A YEAR OLD, I WAS GETTING MY KNEECAP SHATTERED BY AN ENEMY BULLET SOMEWHERE OUT ON THE HO CHI MINH TRAIL.

"I SERVED MY COUNTRY IN VIETNAM FOR SIX YEARS--THREE TOURS--AND IT WASN'T ALL AS MUCH FUN AS THEY SAY.



"I SPENT TWO YEARS IN A P.O.W. CAMP, MISS FLOYD. TWO YEARS...DURING WHICH TIME MY BROTHERS AND I WERE SYSTEMATICALLY BEATEN AND TORTURED IN VIOLATION OF EVERY PRISONER CONVENTION KNOWN TO MAN.

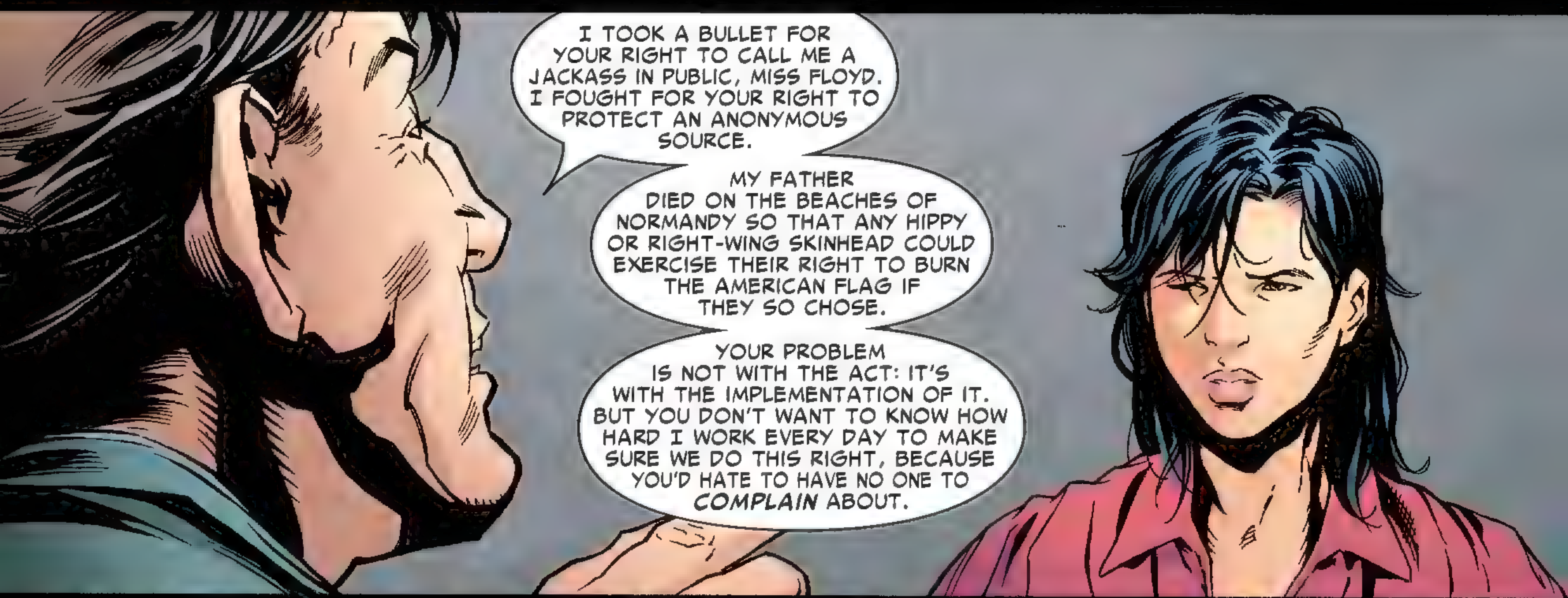
"WE WERE FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK ALOUD FOR TWO YEARS. WE BECAME CONVINCED IN OUR DARKEST TIMES THAT WE WOULD NEVER SEE OUR HOMES AGAIN.

"AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT I ALWAYS PROMISED MYSELF IF I SHOULD MAKE IT HOME?"



I WAS ALWAYS GOING TO SPEAK MY MIND, RIGHT OR WRONG.

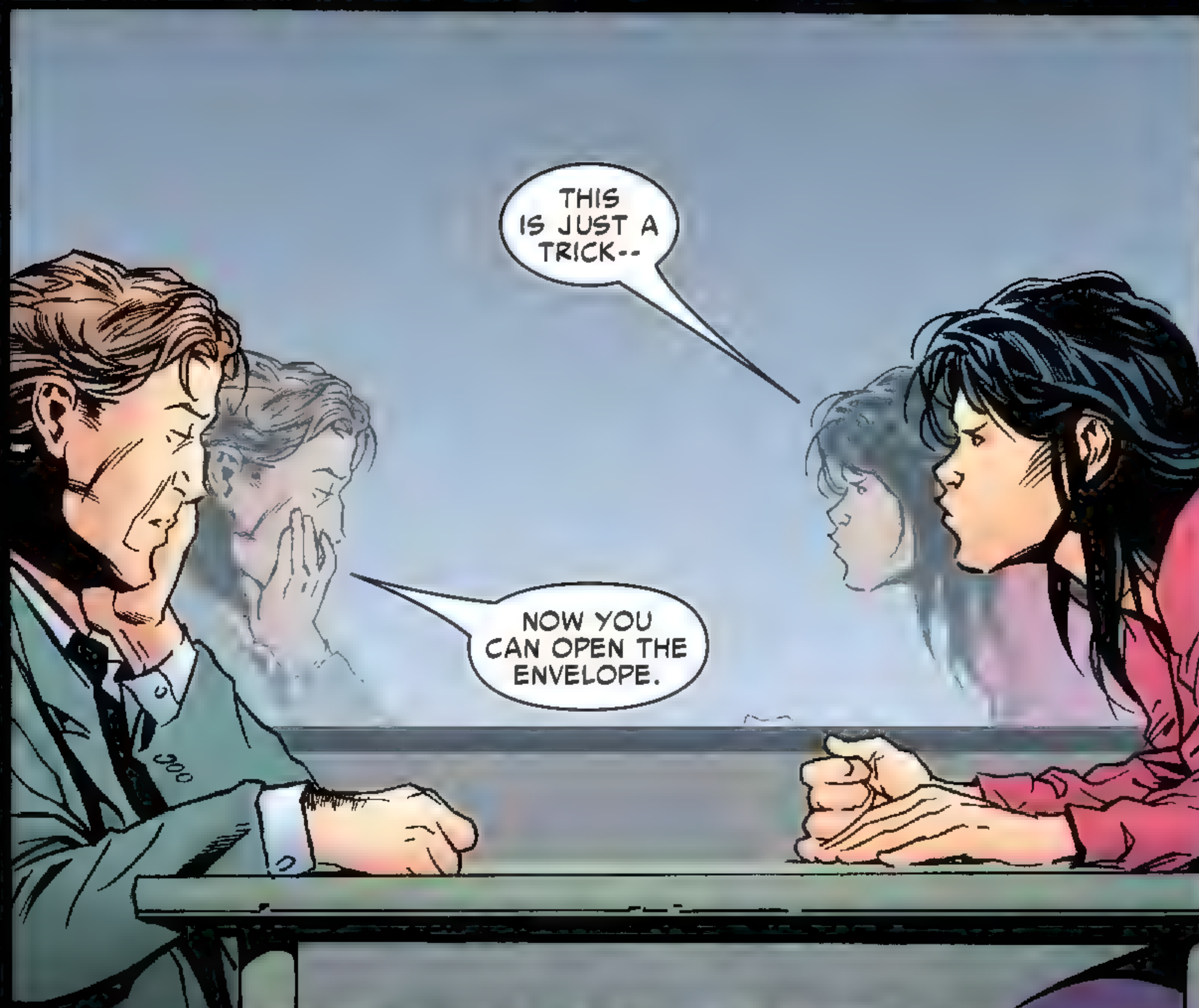
AND I WAS GOING TO PROTECT THAT FREEDOM FOR EVERYONE, EVEN IF IT KILLED ME.



I TOOK A BULLET FOR  
YOUR RIGHT TO CALL ME A  
JACKASS IN PUBLIC, MISS FLOYD.  
I FOUGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO  
PROTECT AN ANONYMOUS  
SOURCE.

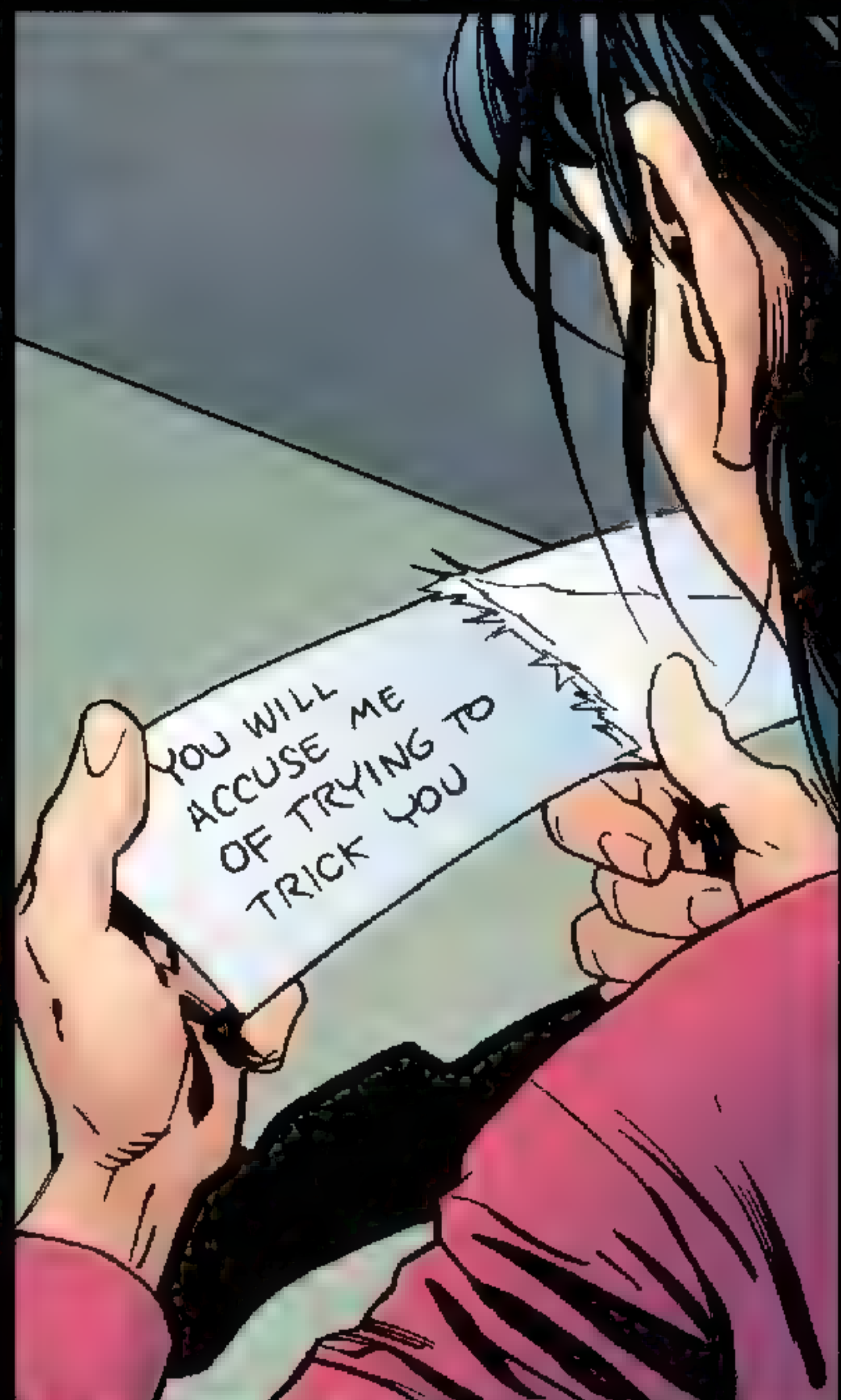
MY FATHER  
DIED ON THE BEACHES OF  
NORMANDY SO THAT ANY HIPPIE  
OR RIGHT-WING SKINHEAD COULD  
EXERCISE THEIR RIGHT TO BURN  
THE AMERICAN FLAG IF  
THEY SO CHOSE.

YOUR PROBLEM  
IS NOT WITH THE ACT: IT'S  
WITH THE IMPLEMENTATION OF IT.  
BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW HOW  
HARD I WORK EVERY DAY TO MAKE  
SURE WE DO THIS RIGHT, BECAUSE  
YOU'D HATE TO HAVE NO ONE TO  
COMPLAIN ABOUT.



THIS  
IS JUST A  
TRICK--

NOW YOU  
CAN OPEN THE  
ENVELOPE.



YOU WILL  
ACCUSE ME  
OF TRYING TO  
TRICK YOU



YOUR REACTION...  
SEALED IN AN  
ENVELOPE, MISS FLOYD.  
SO TELL ME...WHO'S THE  
PREDICTABLE ONE:  
YOU OR I?

YOU WILL  
ACCUSE ME  
OF TRYING TO  
TRICK YOU



I NEVER HATED  
CONGRESSMAN EUGENE  
SYKES MORE THAN I DID  
AT THAT MOMENT.

PARTLY BECAUSE HE  
WOULD NEVER BUDGE FROM  
HIS CONTENTION THAT THE  
REGISTRATION ACT WAS A  
PROTECTIVE MEASURE, NOT  
A CONSPIRACY.

AND MOSTLY  
BECAUSE HE  
WAS RIGHT.

OSBORN INDUSTRIES,  
NEW JERSEY.

I'VE NEVER  
BEEN SO GRATEFUL  
TO SOMEONE I  
HATED AS MUCH  
AS YOU.

I DON'T  
NEED YOUR  
GRATITUDE, NORMAN.  
JUST YOUR  
COOPERATION.

GIVE ME  
ONE GOOD REASON  
WHY I SHOULD  
TRUST YOU.

I DON'T NEED TO CONVINCE  
YOU OF MY SINCERITY. DIDN'T  
I SEE TO IT YOU WERE MOVED  
FROM YOUR JAIL CELL? OR  
THAT YOU WERE PRESENTED  
CERTAIN...EMPLOYMENT  
OPPORTUNITIES--

I DIDN'T  
ASK FOR YOUR HELP.  
ESPECIALLY YOU,  
OF ALL PEOPLE. YOU  
NEED ME FOR  
SOMETHING.

ALL IN  
GOOD TIME. WAR  
MAKES STRANGE  
BEDFELLOWS.

AH-HEHH...  
HAHH...  
INDEED.

JUST  
DON'T SOIL MY  
MATTRESS.



I'M NOT CONVINCED-- NOT YET. YOU HAVE NO REASON TO BETRAY THE VERY PEOPLE YOU'VE SPENT A LIFETIME PROTECTING.

WHY IS IT ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS?



WHEN I WALK INTO A ROOM I MAKE IT MY BUSINESS TO FIND OUT WHO'S POTENTIALLY GOING TO NAIL ME TO THE WALL. ME, FOR INSTANCE: I DO WHAT I DO BECAUSE I'M NUTS, AND NASTY THINGS AMUSE ME TO NO END. I'VE NEVER BEEN SHY ABOUT THAT.

SO WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT'S YOUR POISON?

WHAT YOU'D EXPECT, MOSTLY: ANGER, AMBITION, LACK OF PATIENCE. REVENGE. CONTROL.

SATISFIED?

I'M NEVER SATISFIED.

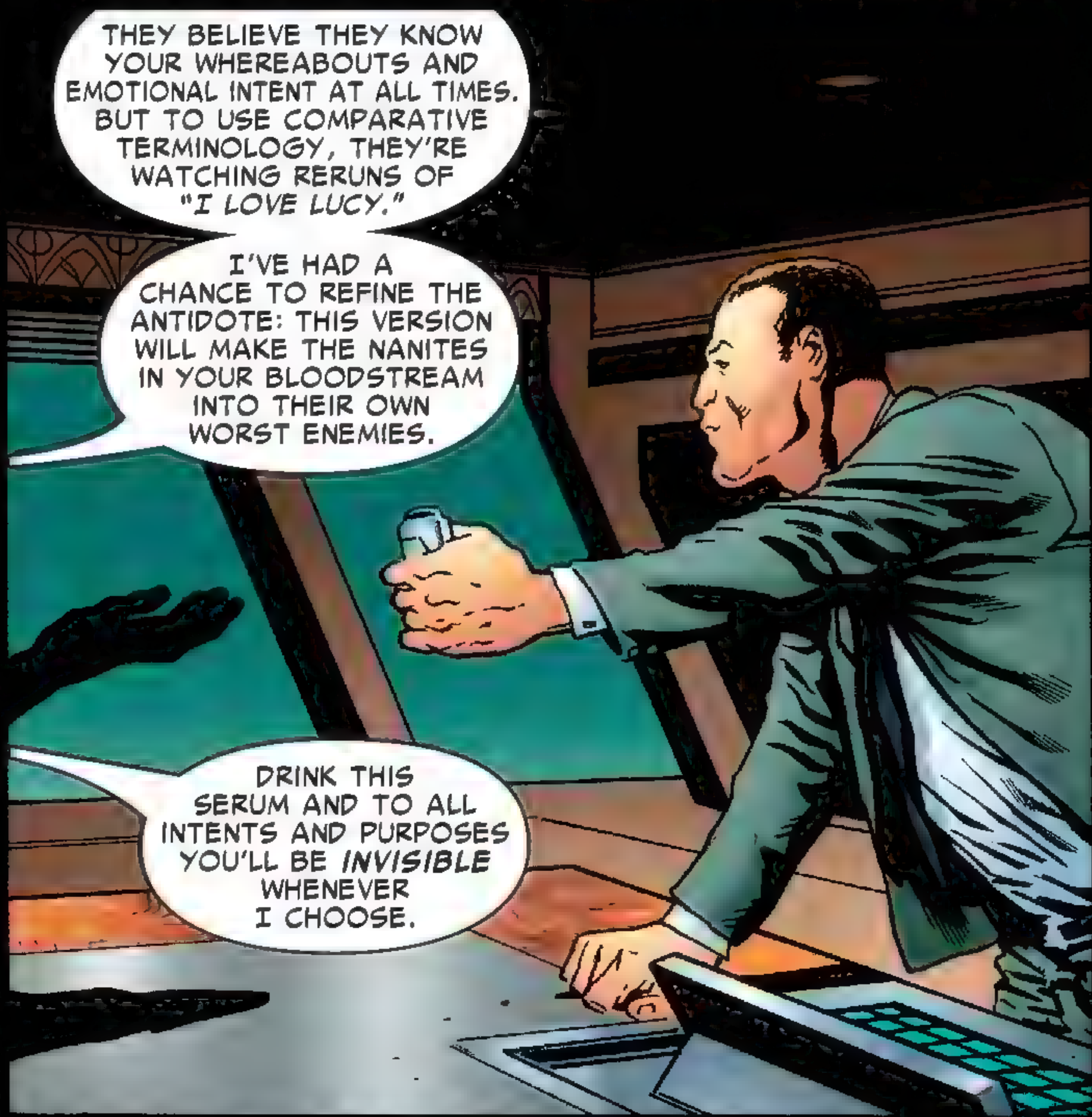


IF FURTHER PROOF IS REQUIRED, I HAVE IT HERE IN THIS VIAL. DID YOU SUFFER ANY ILL EFFECTS FROM THE LAST SERUM I PROVIDED?



IT MADE ME FEEL BETTER, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE ASKING.

GOOD. IT HAD THE EFFECT OF SUPPRESSING THE NANITE TECHNOLOGY THAT FLOATS IN YOUR BLOODSTREAM, SENDING A FALSE READING BACK TO THE MONITORING EQUIPMENT.



THEY BELIEVE THEY KNOW YOUR WHEREABOUTS AND EMOTIONAL INTENT AT ALL TIMES. BUT TO USE COMPARATIVE TERMINOLOGY, THEY'RE WATCHING RERUNS OF "I LOVE LUCY."

I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO REFINE THE ANTIDOTE: THIS VERSION WILL MAKE THE NANITES IN YOUR BLOODSTREAM INTO THEIR OWN WORST ENEMIES.

DRINK THIS SERUM AND TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES YOU'LL BE INVISIBLE WHENEVER I CHOOSE.



WILL IT GET ME INTO THE GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM?

HA! HEHH...



WASHINGTON, D.C.,  
THE STEPS OF THE  
CAPITOL BUILDING



OMIGOD...  
DID YOU SEE  
THAT? SOMEBODY  
SHOT HIM!

SOMEBODY  
JUST SHOT  
SPEEDBALL!

BILL! GET  
THAT CAMERA  
THE HELL UP  
HERE!

I CAN'T  
GET A CLEAR  
VIEW!

SOMEONE  
GET THAT  
GUY!



I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

HE SHOT  
HIM! JUST  
LIKE THAT!

I NEED  
A MEDIC!

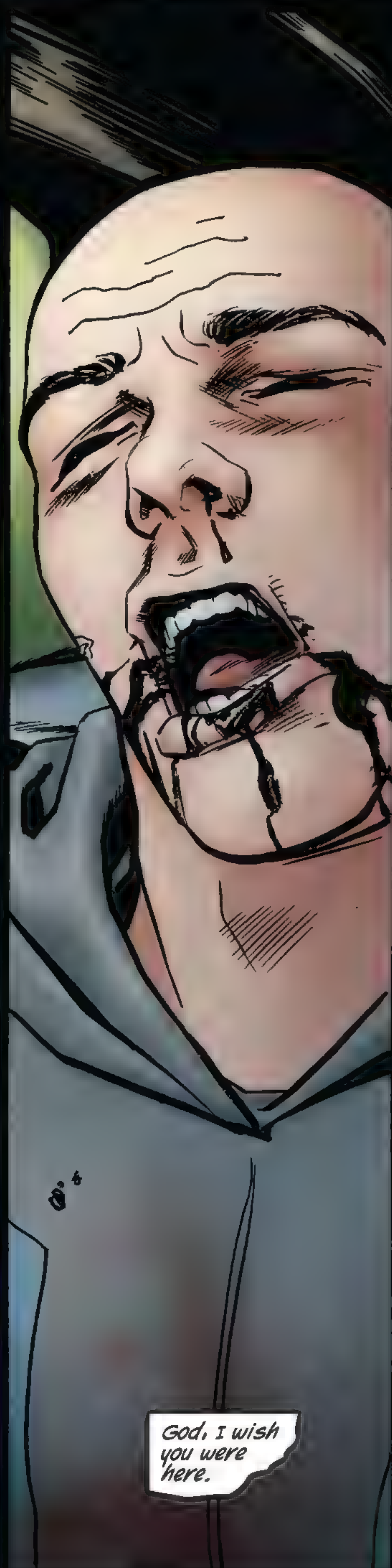


SOMEONE--

ROBBIE--

\*\*\*

Dear  
Mom...



God, I wish  
you were  
here.



There it is, I guess. Didn't even see the guy who shot me.

I'm going to die on these steps before I've had a chance to say my piece.

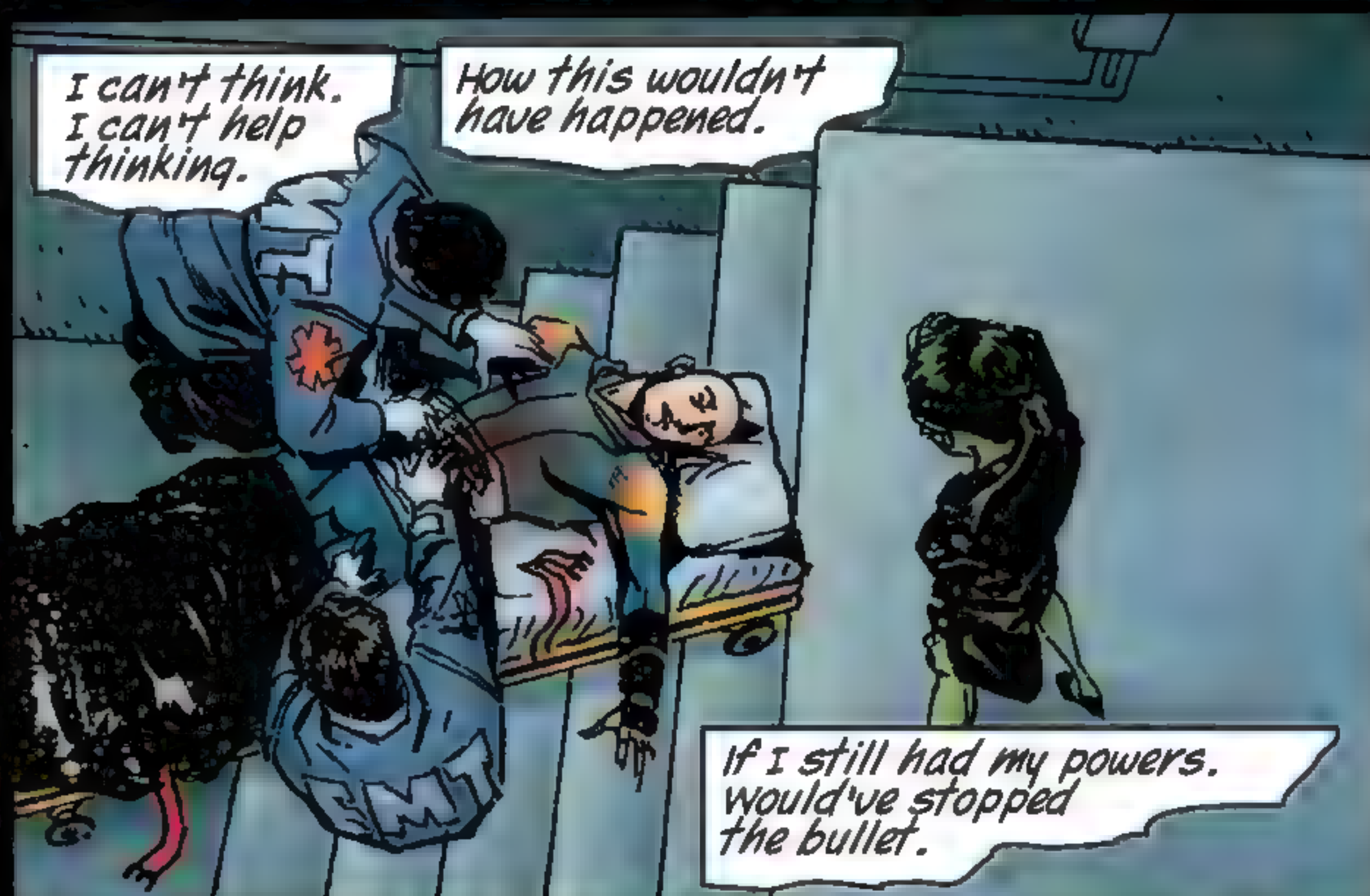
To Congress.  
To America.  
To you.



I should have told you.

EMERGENCY SERVICES! STEP BACK!

How sorry I am.



I can't think. I can't help thinking.

How this wouldn't have happened.

If I still had my powers. Would've stopped the bullet.



AAAAHHH!



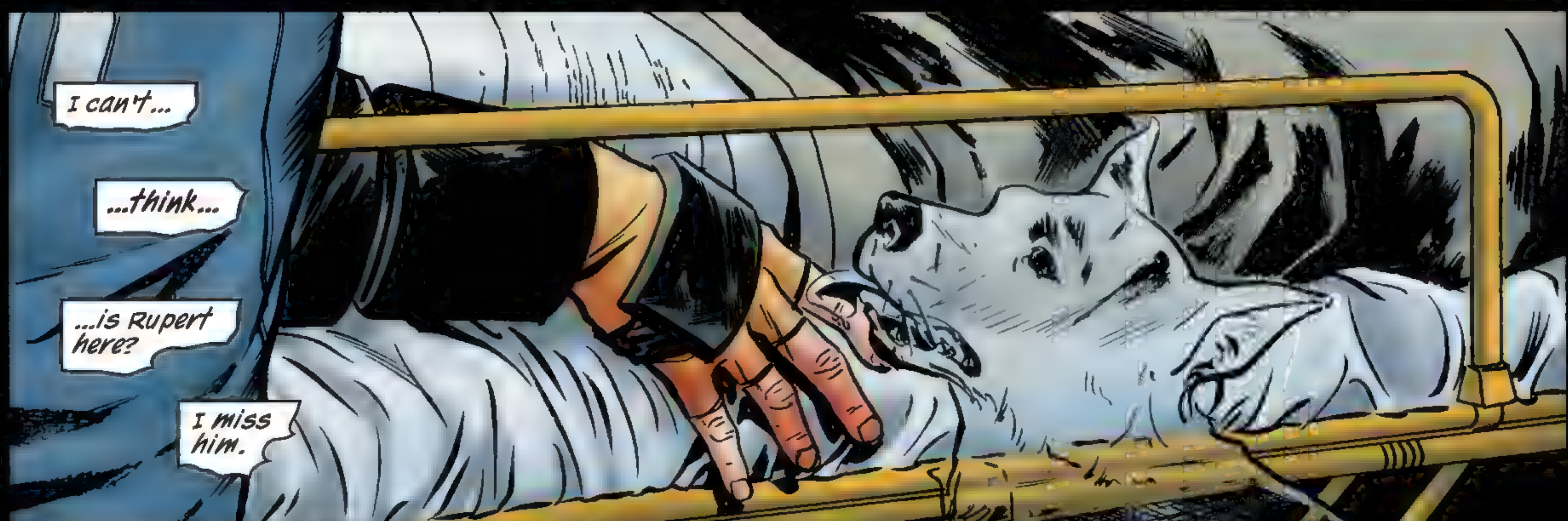
But this wouldn't have happened...

...if I never had any powers to begin with.



My ears are full.  
Can't hear properly.  
Think it's blood.

Someone just  
yelled at me.



I can't...

...think...

...is Rupert  
here?

I miss  
him.



He's licking  
my hand.

Loved that  
dog.

Remember how me an'  
him used to sit? Halfway  
up the stairs.

Waiting for Dad  
to come home.



We used to sit  
there a lot,  
Mom.

That was  
a lot of  
waiting.



I regret that day.

I stopped being just plain Robbie Baldwin and became something else.

Had no idea what it was really going to mean to have kinetic powers...no more idea than the stupid cat that got changed with me.

It's absurd. Who calls their cat "Neils"?

Or "Terrax," for that matter. Who calls themselves "Terrax?"

He put up a good fight.

I remember that day: it was the day we formed the New Warriors.

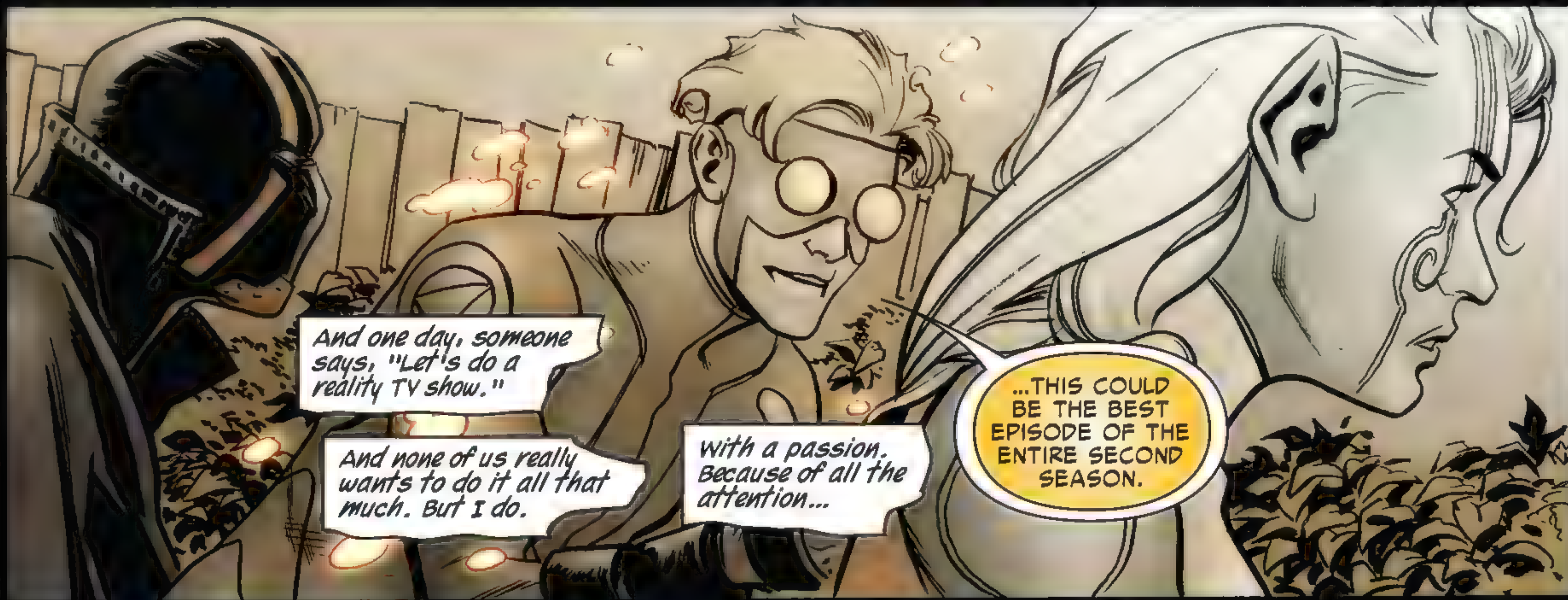
Remember when I told you?

You were pretty hacked off. Not half as annoyed as Dad when he found out.

I didn't care.

I was a New Warrior.

We were the young and the Reckless.



And one day, someone says, "Let's do a reality TV show."

And none of us really wants to do it all that much. But I do.

With a passion. Because of all the attention...

...THIS COULD BE THE BEST EPISODE OF THE ENTIRE SECOND SEASON.



...all the attention you and Dad never gave me.

So we rush in, like fools.

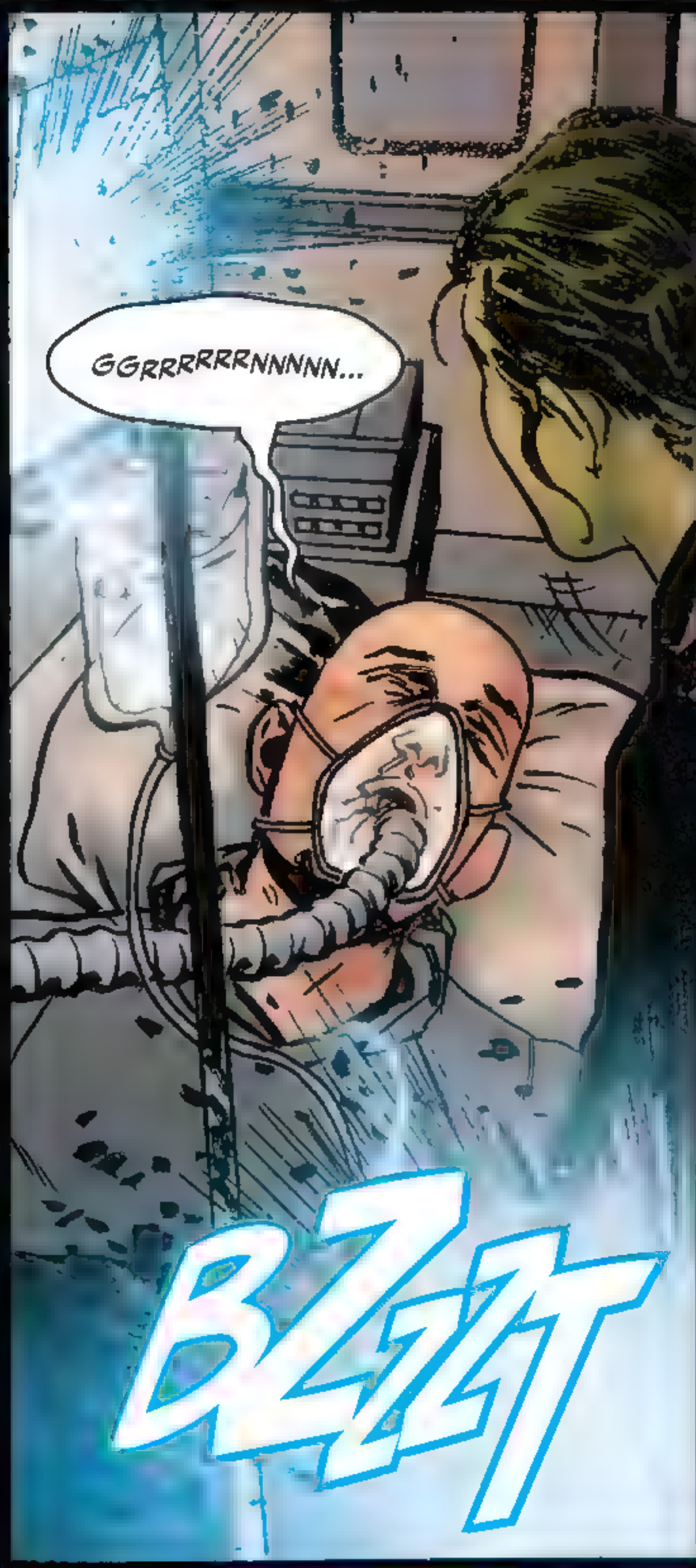


And we blow it.



It wasn't us, Mom.  
It wasn't the New  
Warriors who killed  
all those people.

I could never  
admit to that.



GGRRRRRRNNNN...

BZZZT



HEY! THERE'S  
SOMETHING GOING  
ON BACK HERE!  
YOU GOTTA GET A  
MOVE ON!

...NEVER...  
ADMIT...

...AOWW...  
EHH...

...CAUSE  
THEN...

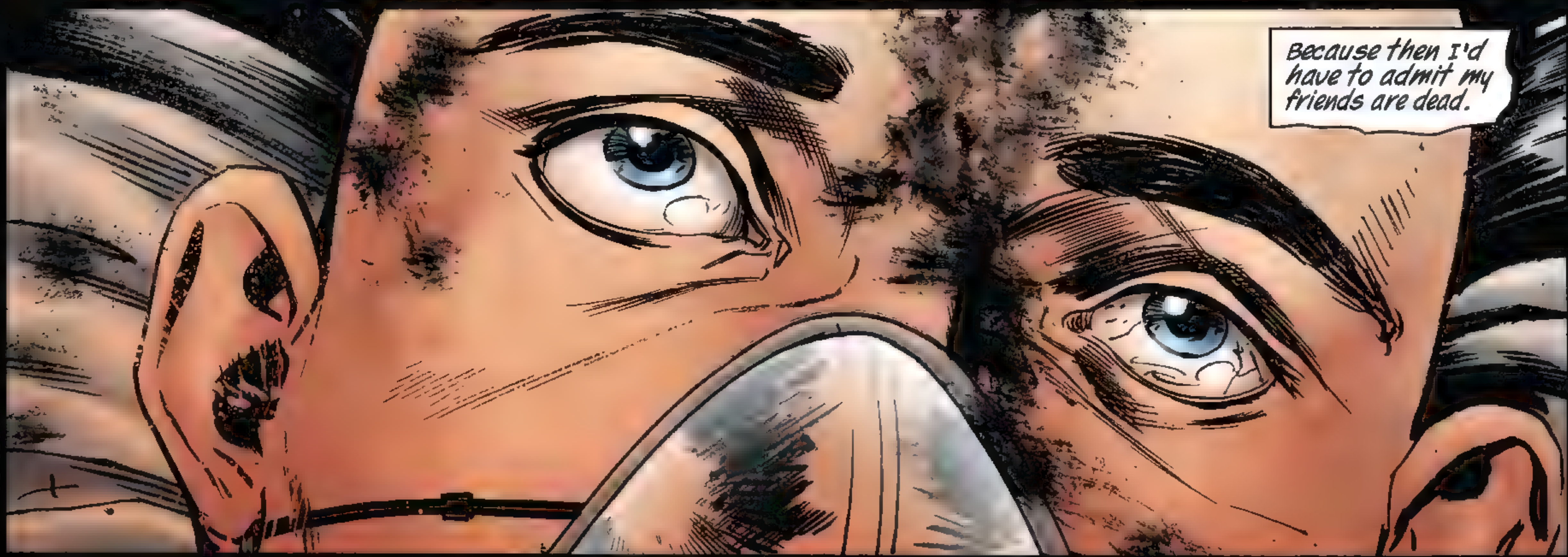


...CAUSE  
THEN...

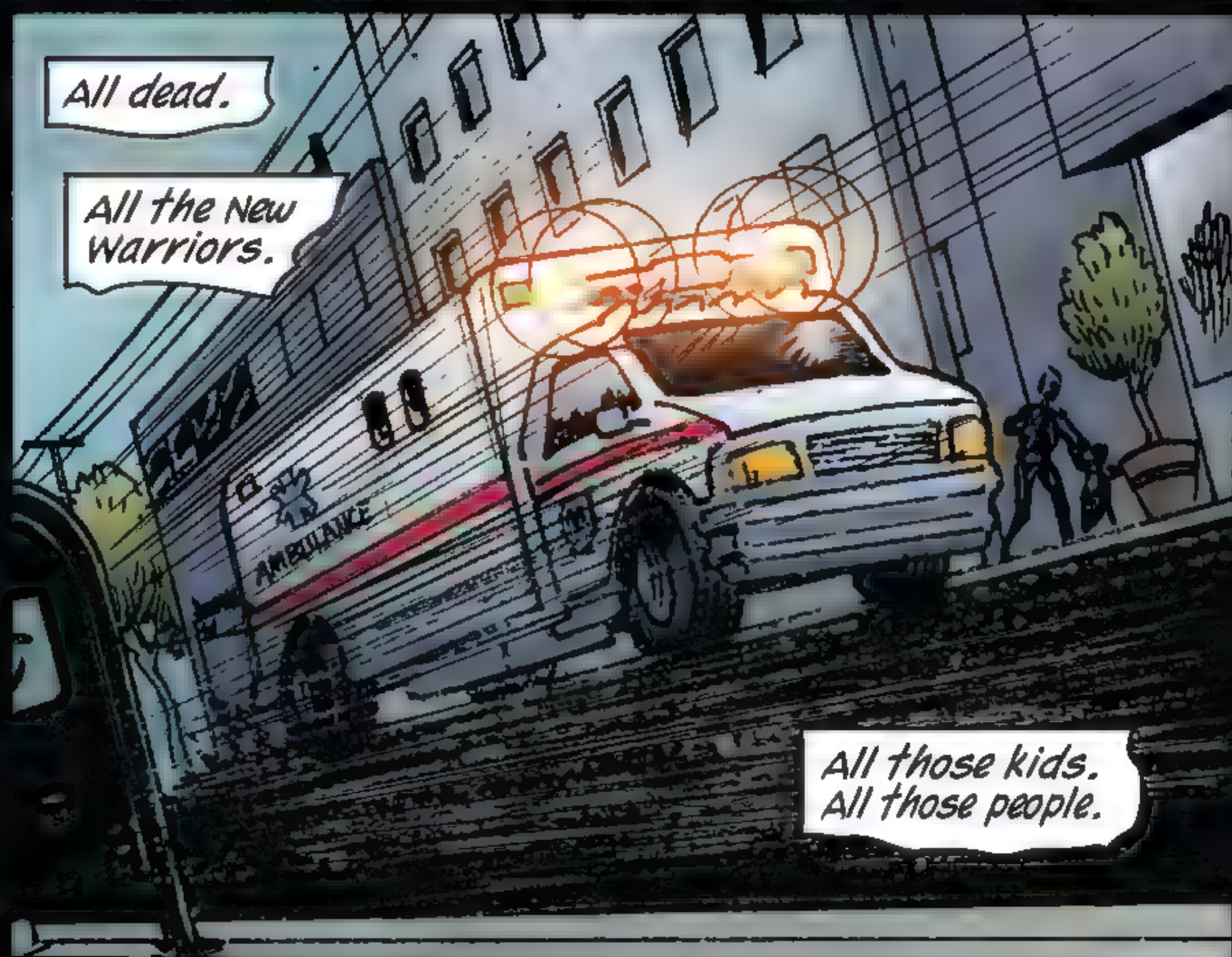
BECAUSE THEN  
WHAT, CHAMP?  
OH, GOD...

...SNFF...

BECAUSE  
WHAT?



Because then I'd  
have to admit my  
friends are dead.



All dead.

All the New Warriors.

All those kids.  
All those people.

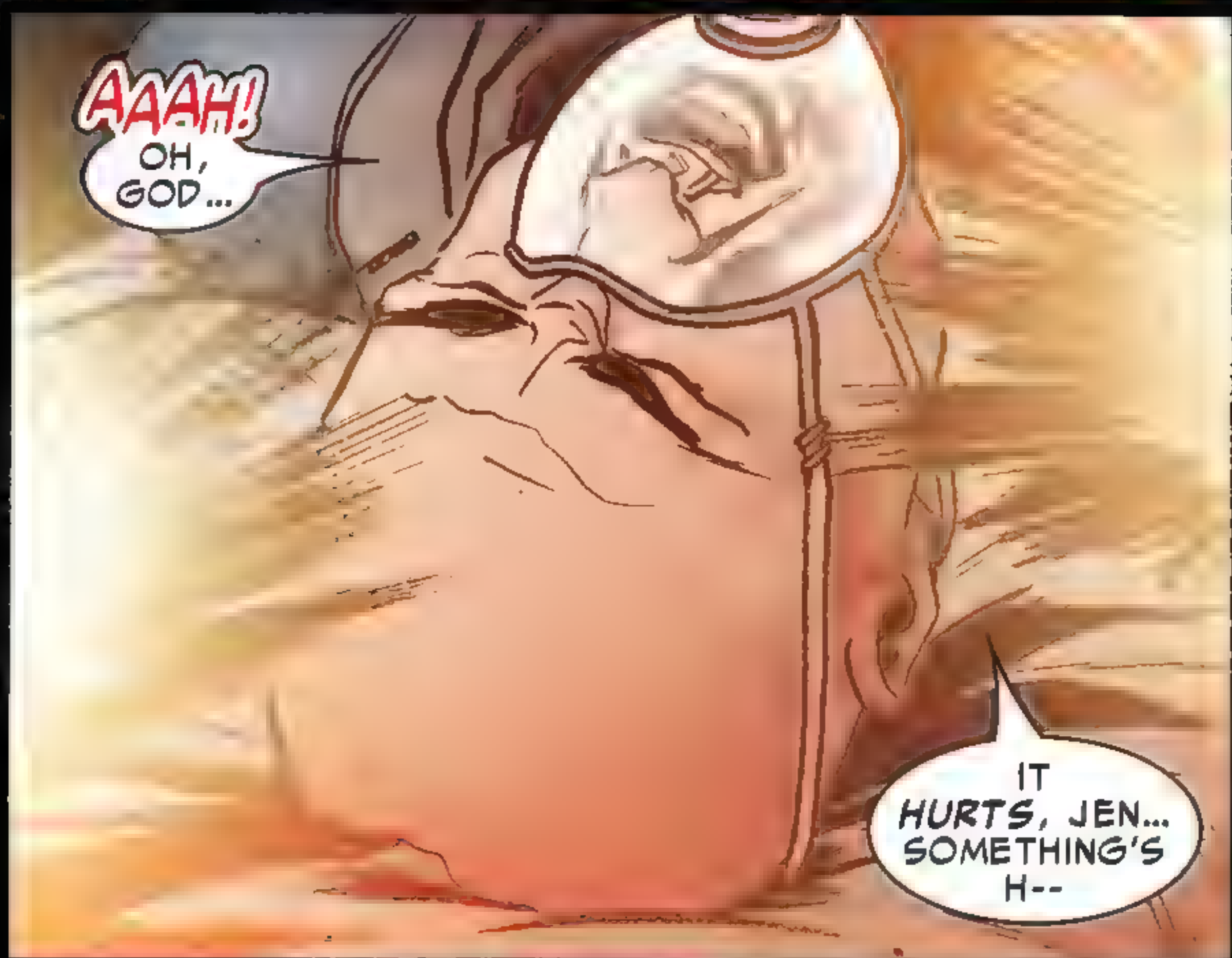


SLOW  
DOWN! YOU'RE  
KILLING HIM!

HEY!  
RESPECTFULLY,  
HONEY, IF I SLOW DOWN  
THEN HE'S ALREADY  
DEAD! YOU DO YOUR  
PART AN' LET ME  
DO MINE!



NN-AHH!



AAAAH!  
OH,  
GOD...

IT  
HURTS, JEN...  
SOMETHING'S  
H--



ROBBIE! I  
CAN'T SEE!  
DID YOU JUST  
DO THAT?

ROBBIE!



AAARRGGHHH!



I was going to lie to everyone in Congress, Mom.

It wasn't the New Warriors' fault that Stamford happened. It was me.



LOOK OUT!

# THE ACCUSED PART SEVEN

PAUL JENKINS  
WRITER

STEVE LIEBER  
ARTIST

JUNE CHUNG  
COLORIST

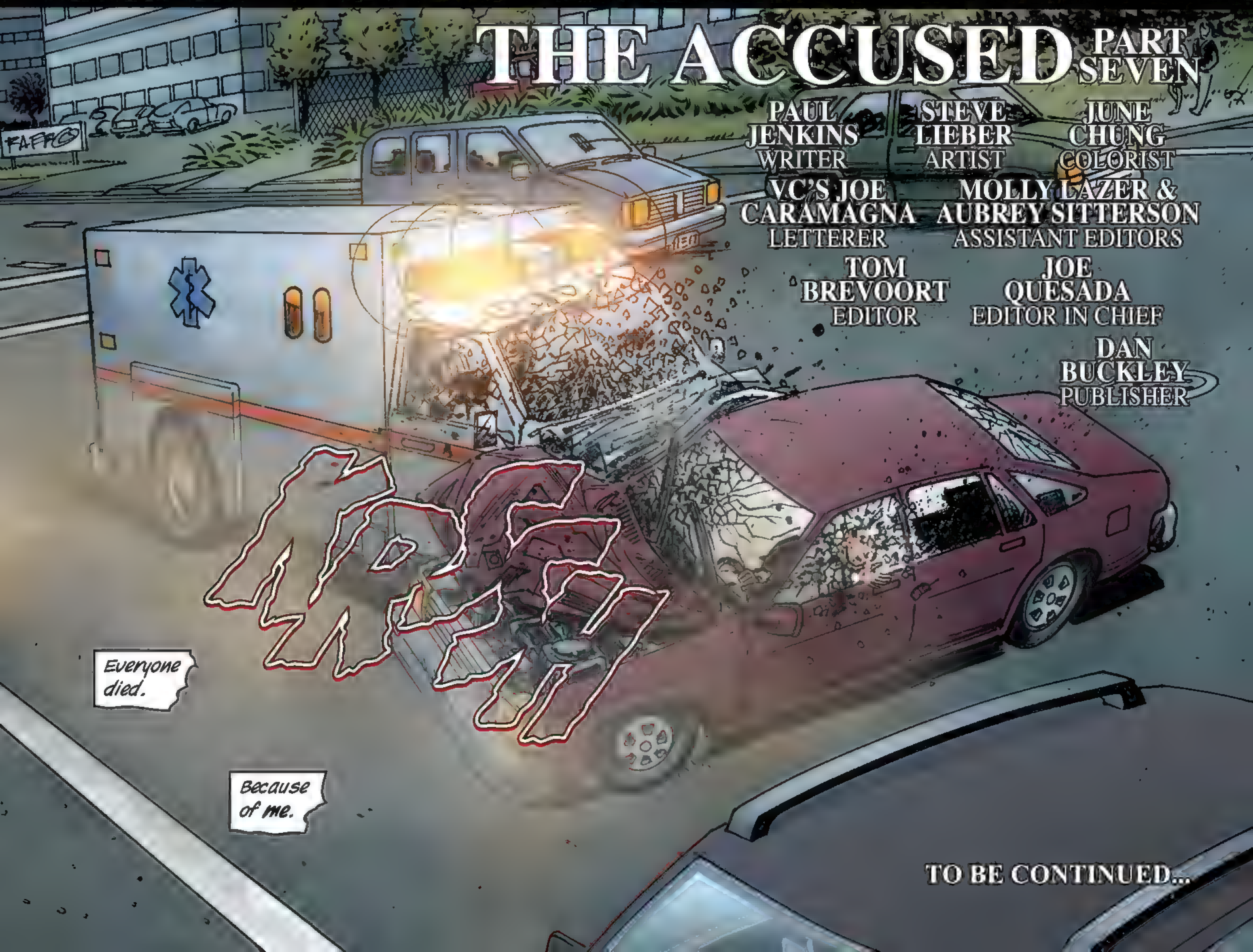
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA  
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MOLLY LAZER & AUBREY SITTERSON  
ASSISTANT EDITORS

TOM BREVOORT  
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER



Everyone died.

Because of me.

TO BE CONTINUED...

# SLEEPER CELL

## PART FIVE

PAUL  
JENKINS  
WRITER

LEE  
WEEKS  
ARTIST

SOTOCOLOR'S  
J. BROWN  
COLORS

VC'S JOE  
CARAMAGNA  
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ASSISTANT EDITORS

TOM  
BREVOORT  
EDITOR

JOE  
QUESADA  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN  
BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER



ANYTIME  
YOU'RE READY,  
PARTNER.

READY FOR  
WHAT?

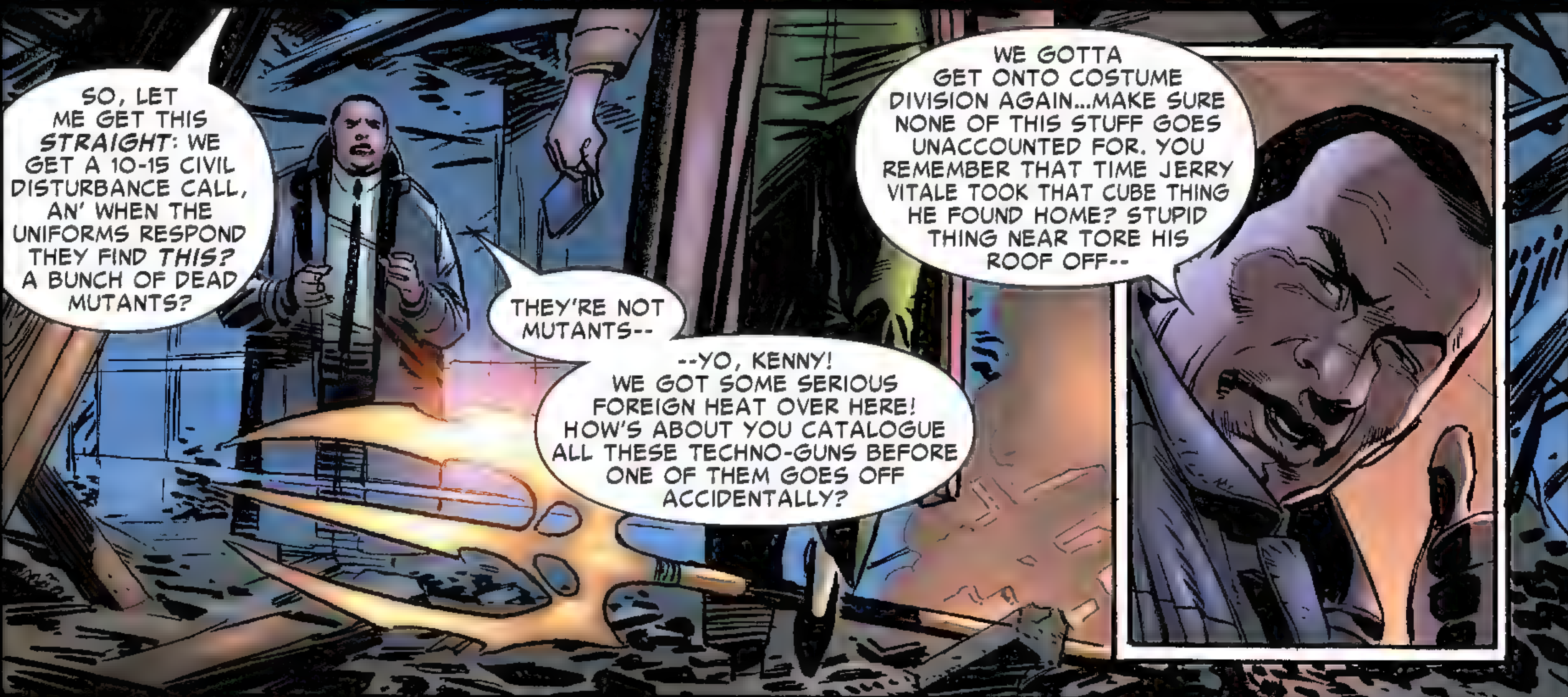
READY TO  
APOLOGIZE BEFORE  
I SAY, "I TOLD  
YOU SO."

TELL  
ME YOU'RE  
KIDDING.

I'M NOT  
KIDDING. UNLESS  
I'M MISTAKEN, WE WERE  
DOING THIS EXACT  
SAME THING A FEW  
DAYS AGO.

I DUNNO,  
KEITH.

THERE  
WERE A LOT  
MORE FISH  
LAST TIME.

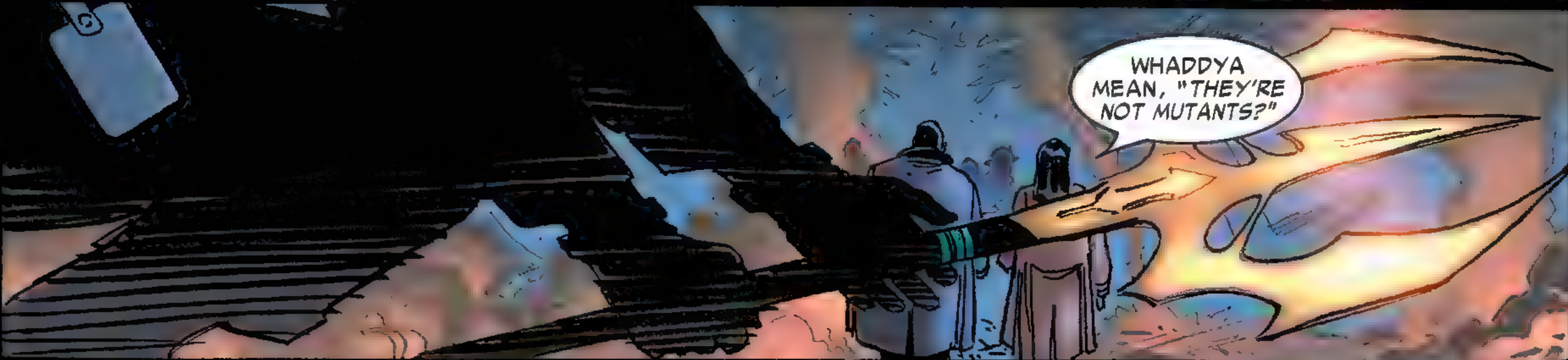


SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT: WE GET A 10-15 CIVIL DISTURBANCE CALL, AN' WHEN THE UNIFORMS RESPOND THEY FIND THIS? A BUNCH OF DEAD MUTANTS?

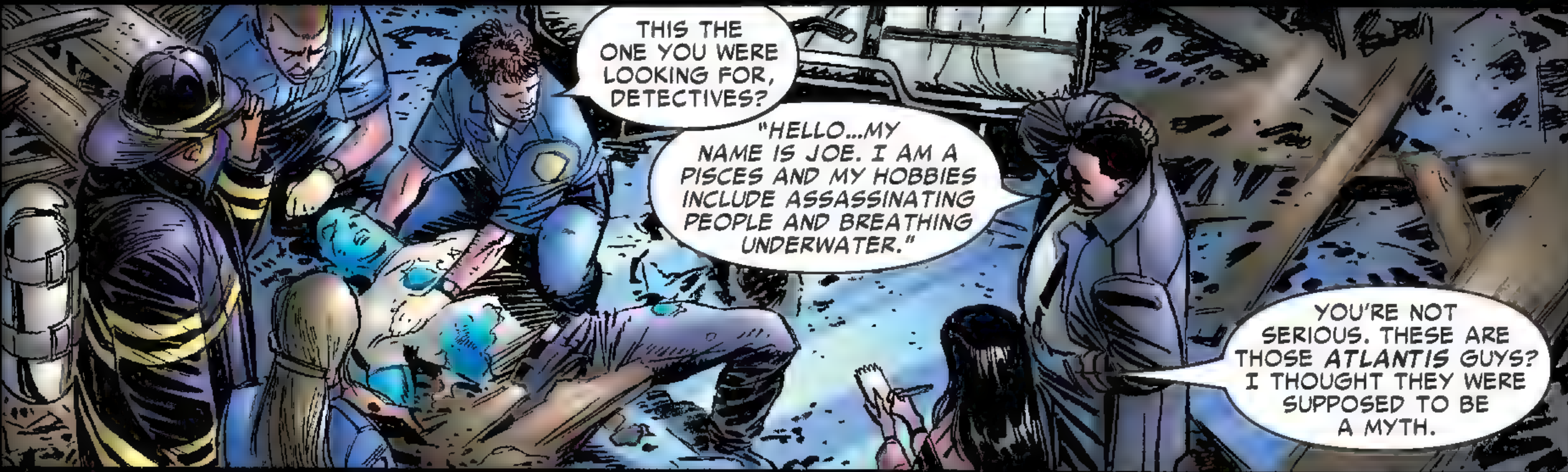
THEY'RE NOT MUTANTS--

--YO, KENNY! WE GOT SOME SERIOUS FOREIGN HEAT OVER HERE! HOW'S ABOUT YOU CATALOGUE ALL THESE TECHNO-GUNS BEFORE ONE OF THEM GOES OFF ACCIDENTALLY?

WE GOTTA GET ONTO COSTUME DIVISION AGAIN...MAKE SURE NONE OF THIS STUFF GOES UNACCOUNTED FOR. YOU REMEMBER THAT TIME JERRY VITALE TOOK THAT CUBE THING HE FOUND HOME? STUPID THING NEAR TORE HIS ROOF OFF--



WHADDYA MEAN, "THEY'RE NOT MUTANTS?"



THIS THE ONE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, DETECTIVES?

"HELLO...MY NAME IS JOE. I AM A PISCES AND MY HOBBIES INCLUDE ASSASSINATING PEOPLE AND BREATHING UNDERWATER."

YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS. THESE ARE THOSE ATLANTIS GUYS? I THOUGHT THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE A MYTH.



LIKE I SAID, DONNA, YOU CAN APOLOGIZE ANYTIME YOU'RE READY. LOOKS LIKE MY CRAZY SPY IDEA WAS JUST ABOUT SPOT-ON.

POOR GUY. I WONDER IF ANY OF HIS FAMILY WILL EVER KNOW--



YO, DETECTIVES! YOU PROBABLY WANNA SEE THIS!



WE GOT A  
LIVE ONE. DON'T  
ASK ME HOW...THIS  
GUY BARELY TOOK  
A SCRATCH.

WHAT?  
WHERE?

UHH...

HEY! I  
NEED A  
STRETCHER  
OVER HERE!

SIMON  
WILLIAMS...  
JQ-272713-K.  
HEY...THIS IS  
WONDER  
MAN!

WONDER MAN?  
I THOUGHT  
HE WAS ON TV  
THESE DAYS...

SIMON WILLIAMS  
JQ-272713-K.  
**WONDER  
MAN**

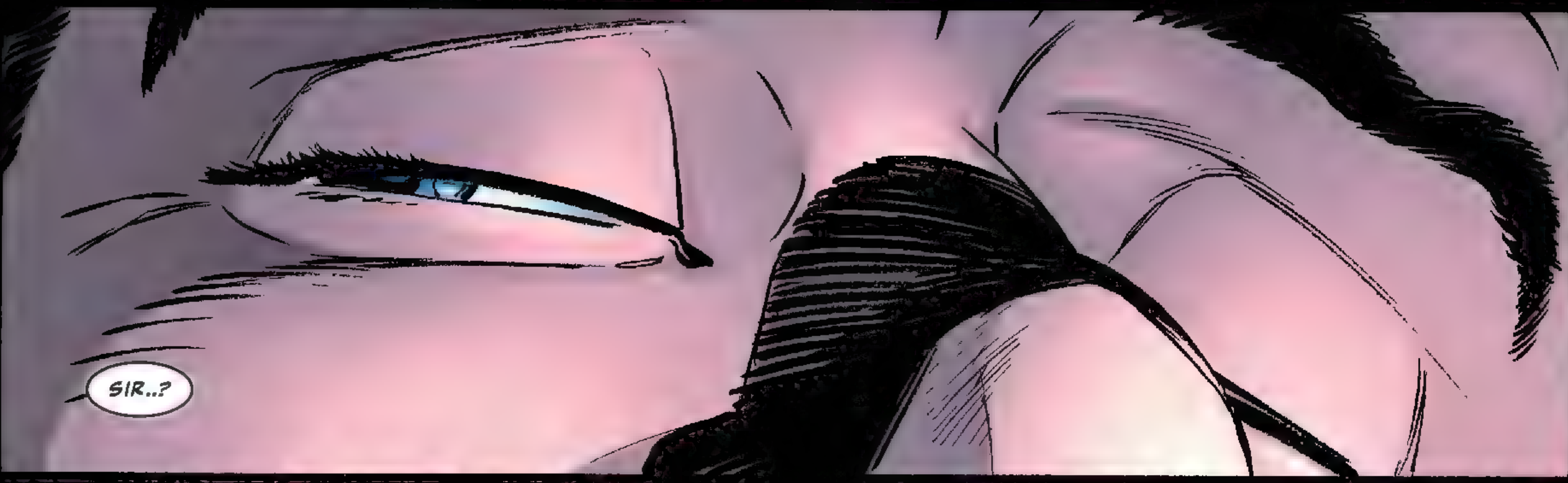


MISTER WILLIAMS?  
THIS IS DETECTIVE  
ALTIERI WITH THE N.Y.P.D.,  
15TH PRECINCT. DON'T  
WORRY--WE'RE GONNA GET  
YOU OUT OF HERE IN  
A HEARTBEAT.

SIR, IF  
YOU CAN HEAR ME,  
WE NEED TO GET  
SOME IDEA OF WHAT  
JUST HAPPENED  
HERE...



MISTER  
WILLIAMS..?



SIR..?



"SIR?"

I COUNT MAYBE TWENTY, TOPS. THERE COULD BE A COUPLE MORE OUT OF SIGHT AROUND THE BACK. DEFINITELY ATLANTEAN. I CAN PROBABLY HANDLE FIVE TO TEN MYSELF, BUT ANY MORE THAN THAT IS A STRETCH.

DO YOU HAVE A FIX ON THIS SIGNAL? OVER.

AFFIRMATIVE. BACKUP E.T.A.: TEN MINUTES.

TEN MINUTES? ANY CHANCE YOU GUYS COULD MAYBE DISPLAY A SENSE OF URGENCY OUT HERE? YOU'RE LEAVING ME OUT TO DRY--

JUST HOLD POSITION, WONDER MAN. WE'RE ASSESSING YOUR TACTICAL OPTIONS. MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE.

ME MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE? YOU MAINTAIN SILENCE! I SAID IT FIRST!

YOU GUYS NEED TO LEARN TO SYNCHRONIZE. LOOKS LIKE THE CAVALRY MADE IT EARLY.

NEGATIVE ON THAT, WONDER MAN. WE ARE STILL NINE MINUTES AWAY.

NOPE...I SEE OUR GUY. WHO DID YOU SEND? ANYONE I KNOW?

BACKUP E.T.A. IS NINE MINUTES--

OH, HELL.

AH  
HA HA  
HA



HA HA!  
HERE FISHY,  
FISHY, FISHY!

I'VE COME  
TO MUDDY THE  
WATER!

AH-HECHH

WHAT'S GOING  
ON? IS THIS  
WHAT YOU CALL  
BACKUP?



WONDER  
MAN...PLEASE  
REPORT...

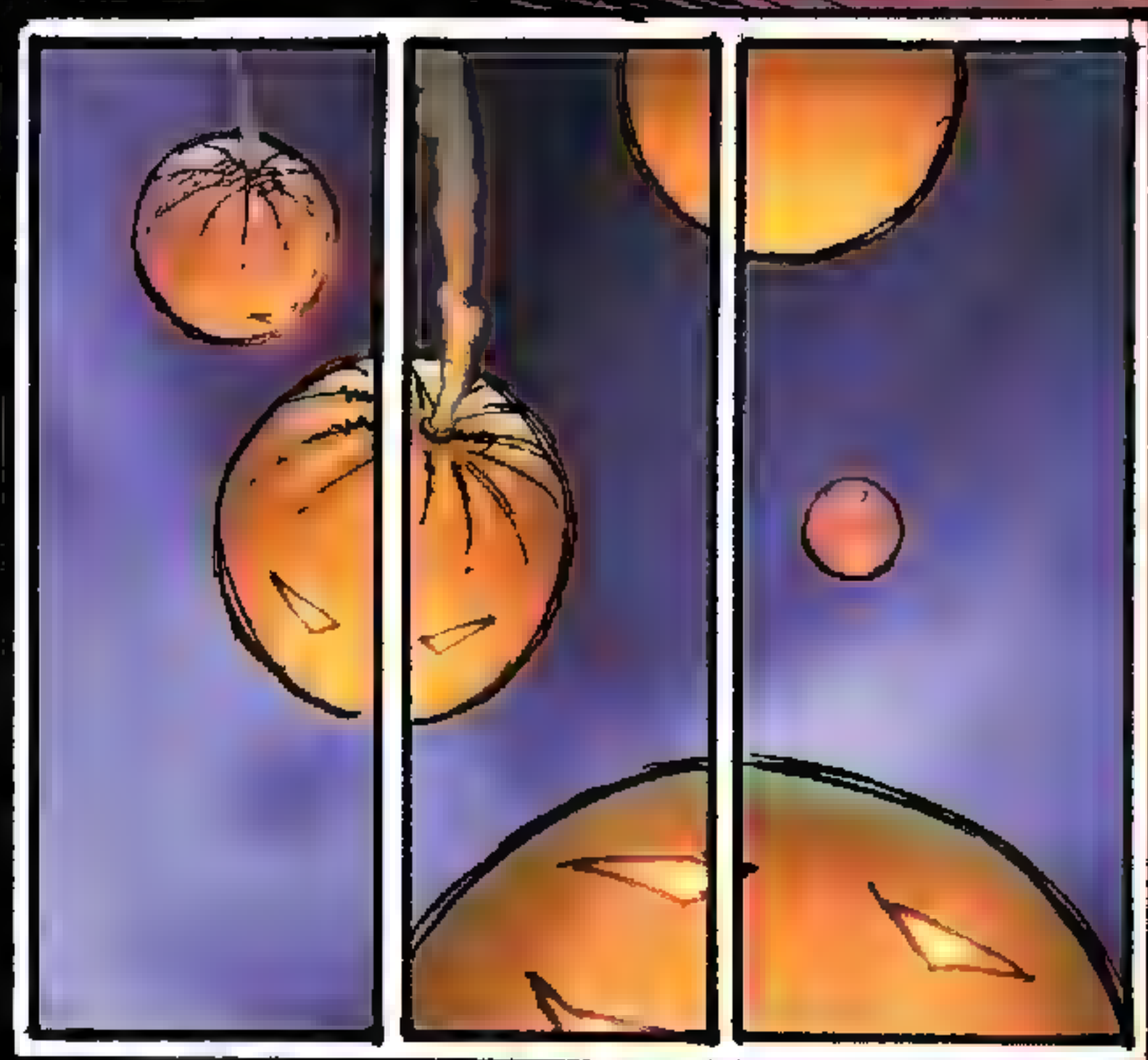
YOU  
SAID, "MAINTAIN  
SURVEILLANCE!" HE'S  
TAKING DOWN THE  
ENTIRE DISTRICT!

NEGATIVE!  
THAT'S NOT ONE  
OF OURS! I  
REPEAT: NOT ONE  
OF OURS!

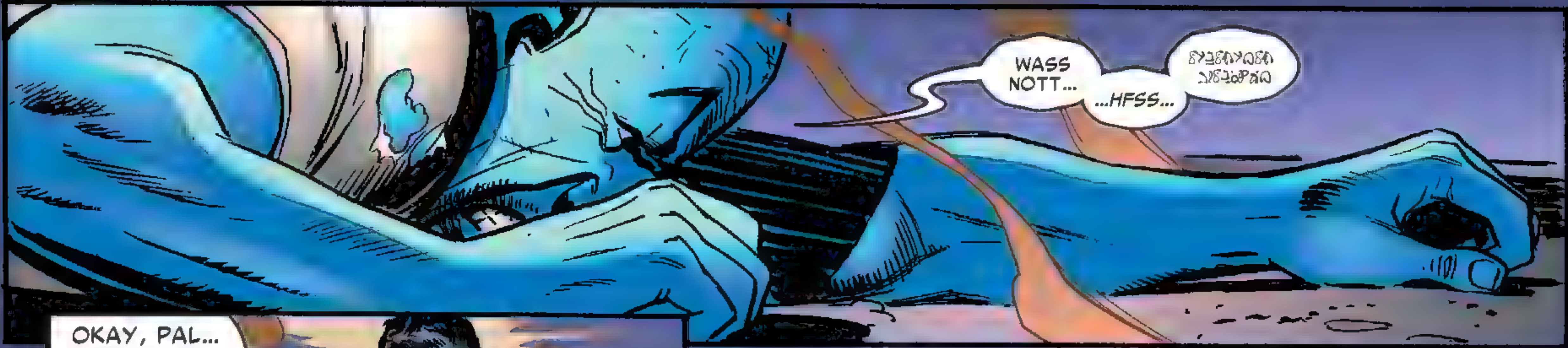
BLAM!

BLAM!

"GET OUT OF  
THERE! NOW!"



KA-BOOM!



WASS  
NOTT...

...HFSS...

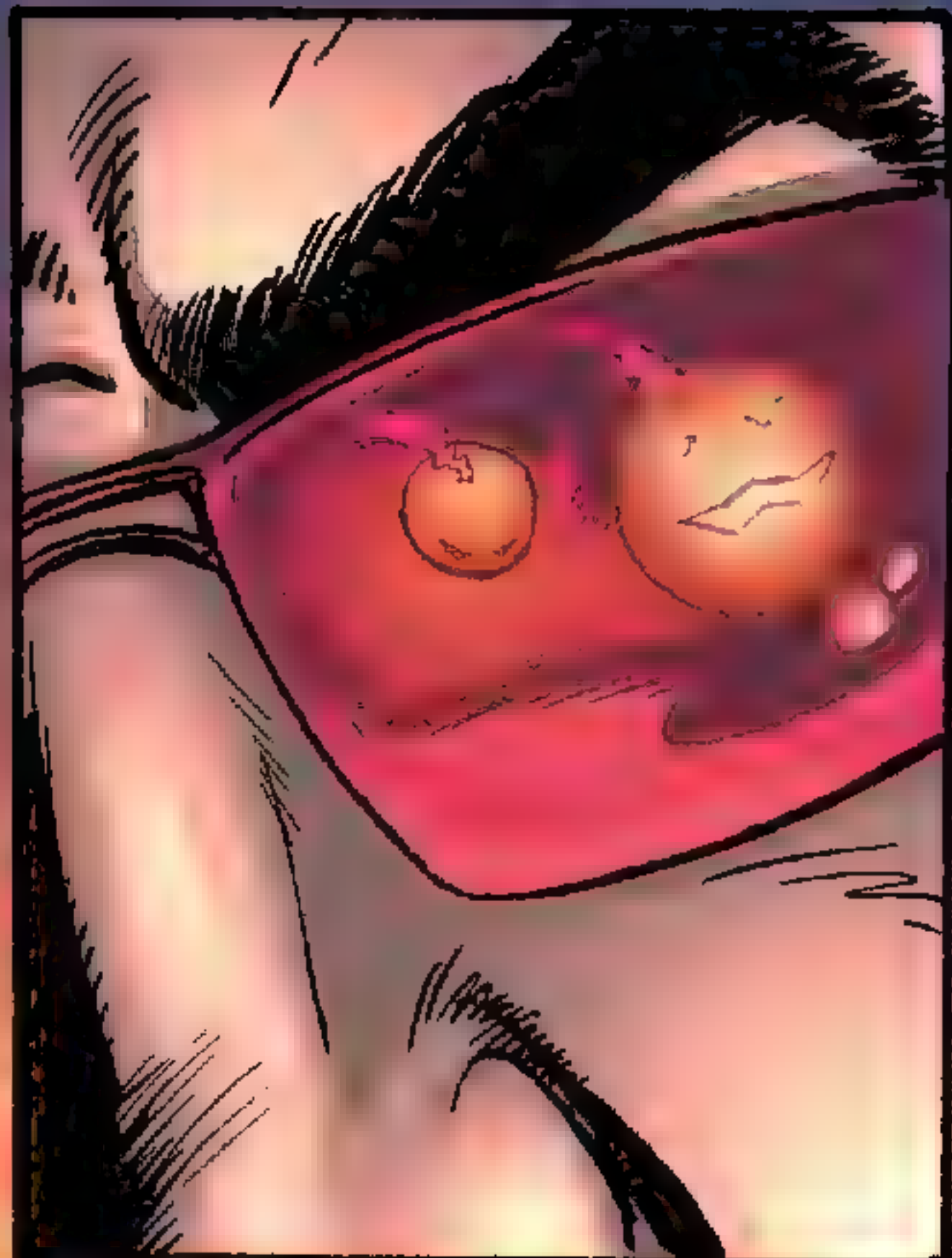
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ᐃᐅᐅᐅᐅᐅᐅᐅ

OKAY, PAL...  
JUST RELAX...  
I'LL GET YOU  
OUT OF  
HERE--

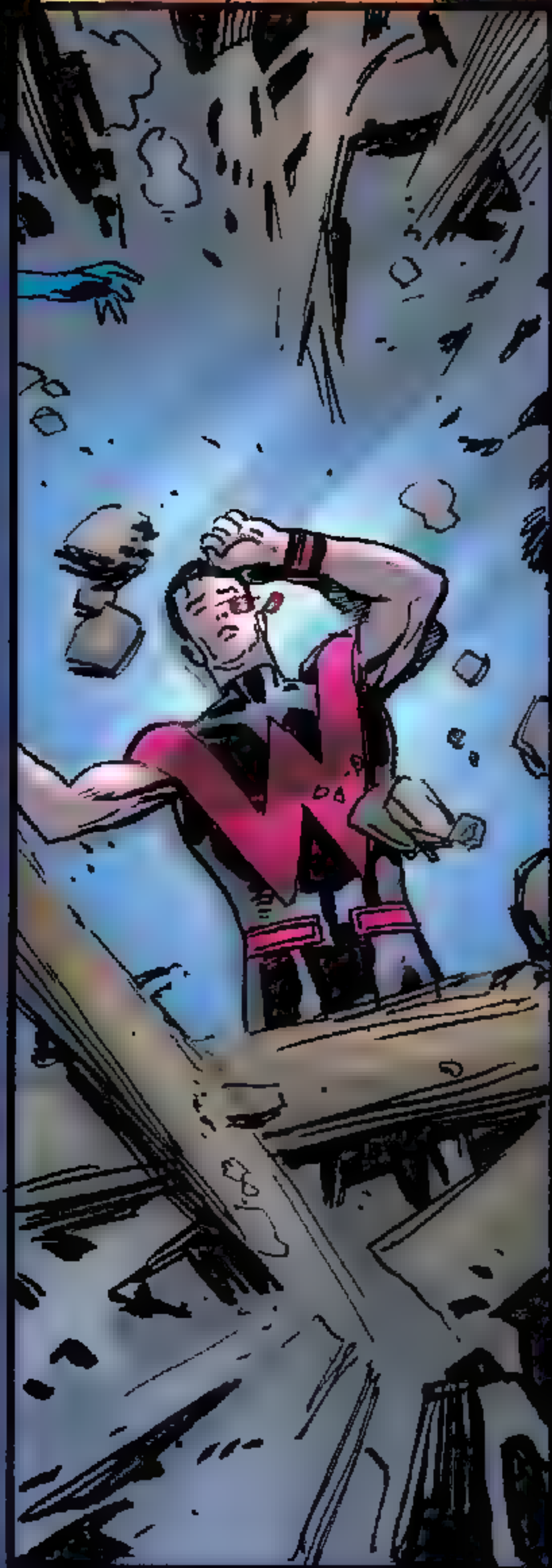
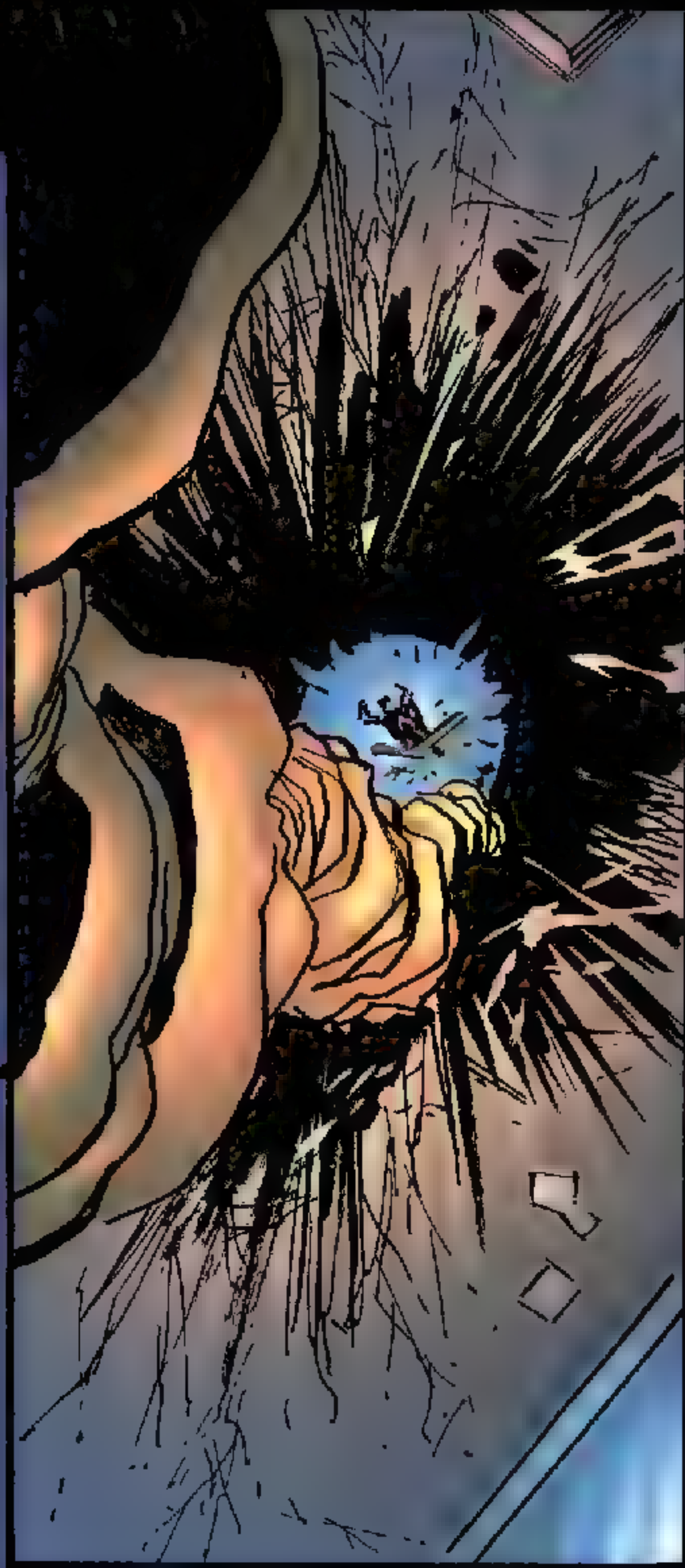
ᐃᐅᐅᐅᐅᐅᐅᐅ

OSBORN,  
YOU MANIAC!  
THEY'RE  
DOWN FOR  
THE COUNT!

YOU CAN'T  
ATTACK  
UNARMED  
AND INJURED  
MEN--



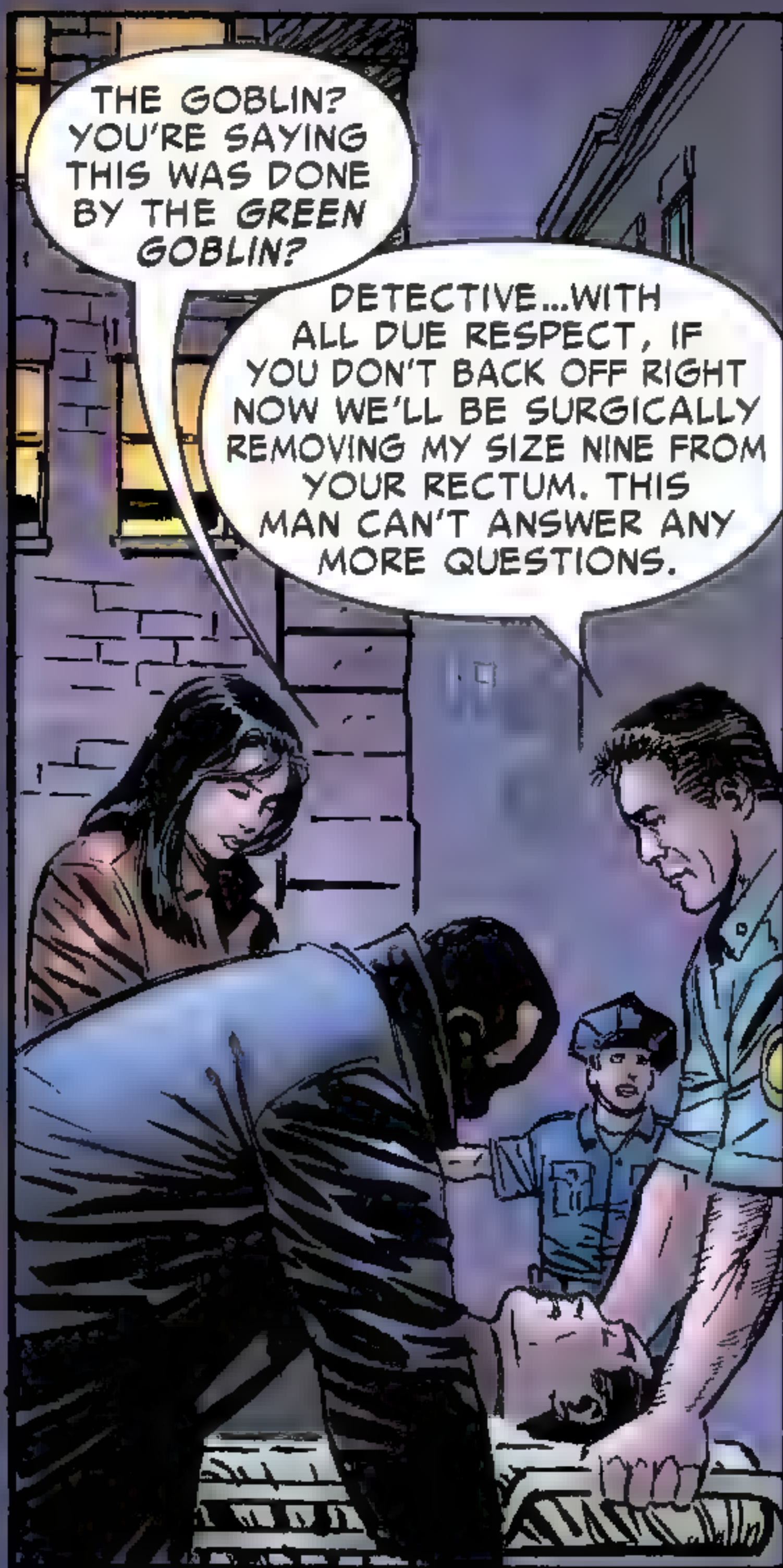
BOOM!



MISTER  
WILLIAMS?

SIR?

CAN  
YOU TELL  
ME WHAT  
YOU SAW?



TO BE CONTINUED...

On July 1st, 1916—as the larks sang across the devastation of no-man’s land—British and French forces began the Somme Offensive. Its intent: to divert German resources from the onslaught against the French at Verdun, and to achieve a significant territorial gain.

By day’s end, over 58,000 British troops were dead, and there were an equal number of German casualties.

In many instances, the lines of trenches moved only a few hundred yards.

When the battle of the Somme came to a halt on November 18th, 1916, British casualties were estimated at over 450,000; German casualties at 600,000.

All for a few yards of mud.



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JENKINS  
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EDUARDO  
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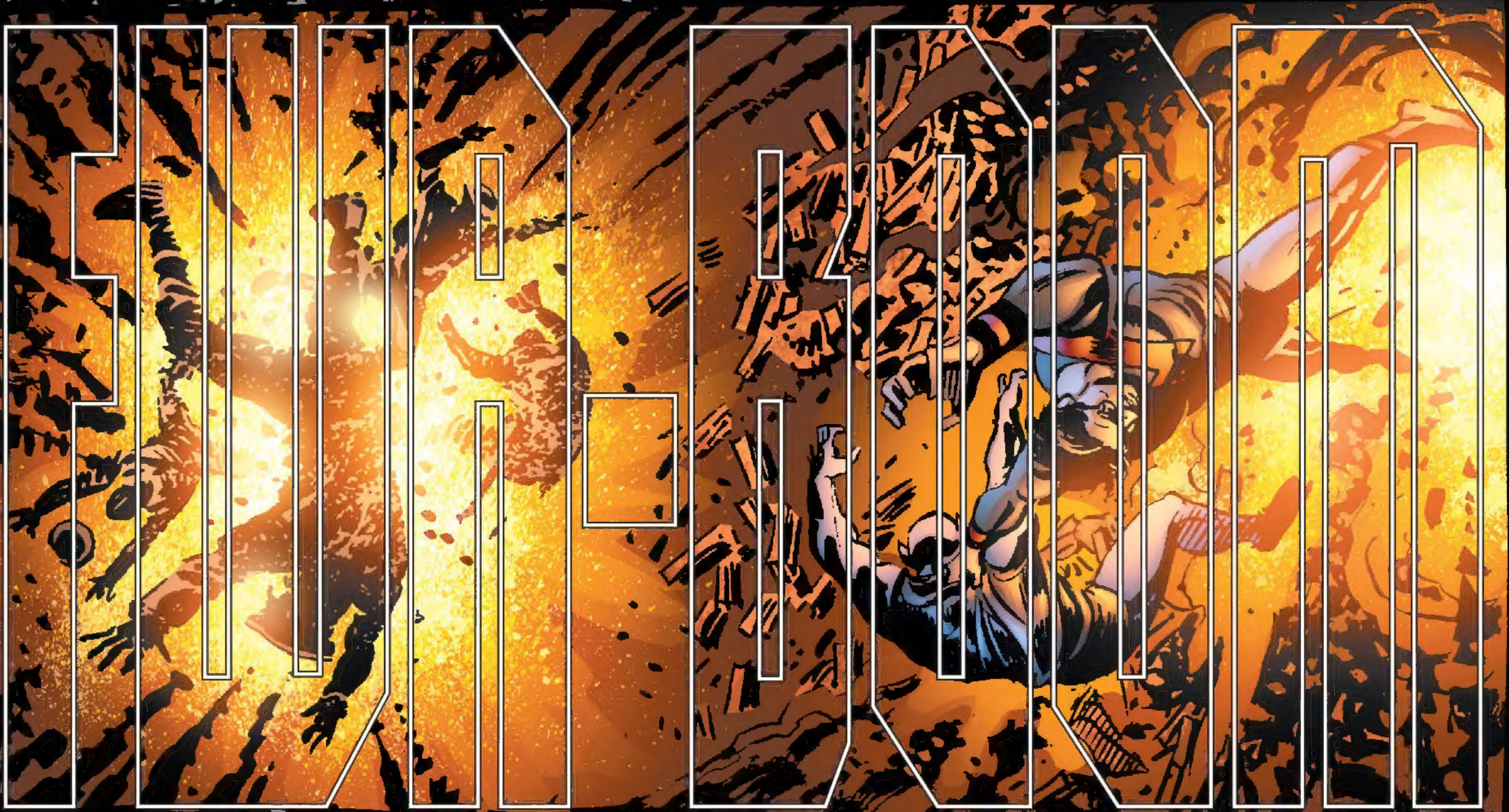


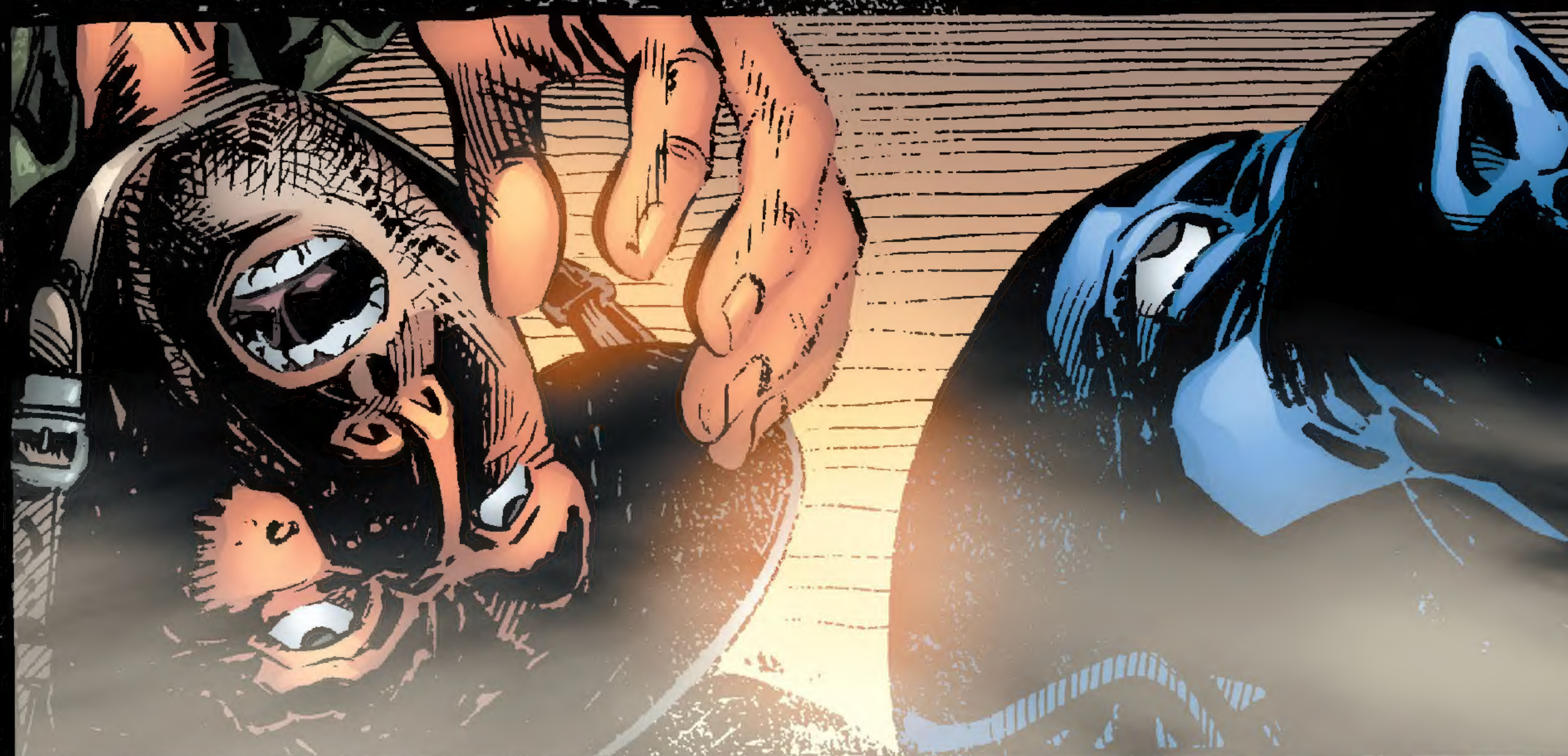
YOU MEN  
MOVE UP WITH ME!  
TAKE THE BLOODY  
FLANK!

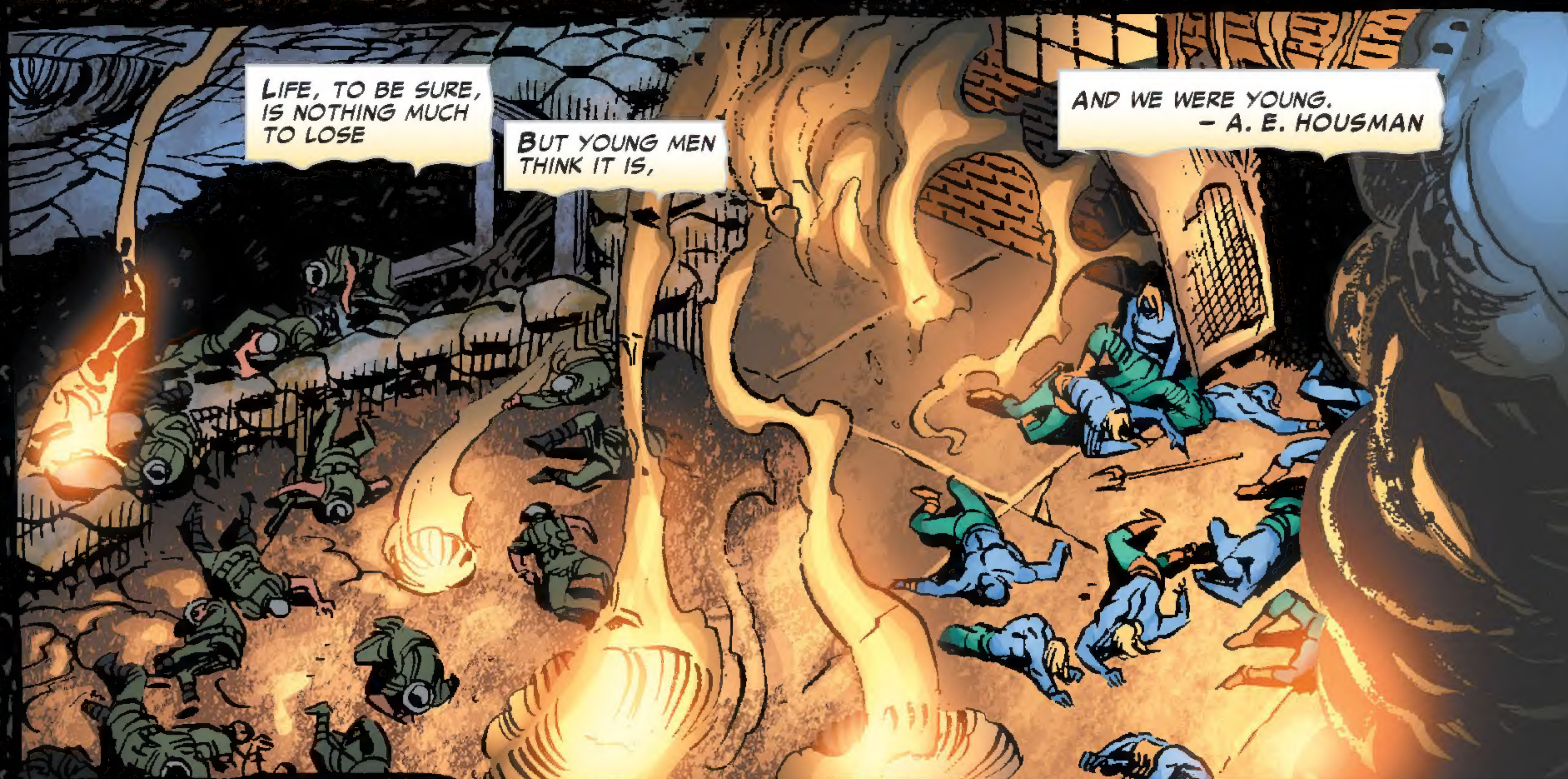
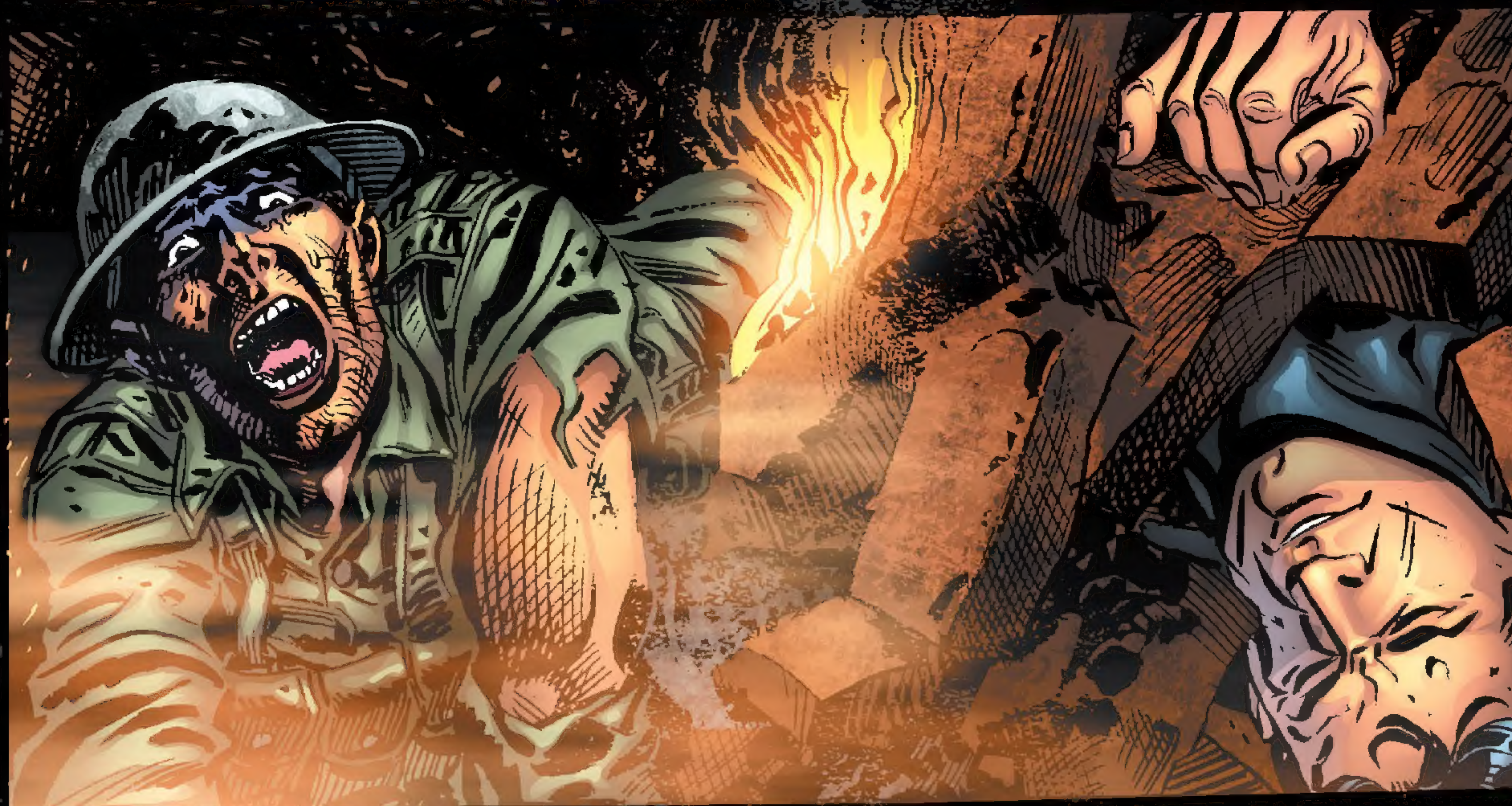
გაგზავნი  
გაგზავნი



STRETCHER-  
BEARERS! PULL  
THAT MAN  
BACK--!







LIFE, TO BE SURE,  
IS NOTHING MUCH  
TO LOSE

BUT YOUNG MEN  
THINK IT IS,

AND WE WERE YOUNG.  
- A. E. HOUSMAN